THE GRANTA SHAKESPEARE

The Second Part of King Henry IV

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV

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Warkworth Castle.

THE GRANTA SHAKESPEARE

SECOND PART
OF
KING HENRY IV

Edited by

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at the University Press
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PREFATORY NOTE

The text of *The Granta Shakespeare* is based on the fourth and last edition of Johnson and Steevens in 1793. It has been carefully revised and collated with later texts, modernised in spelling and punctuation, and brought into line with generally accepted emendations. Where later conjecture has not been universally approved, the reading of the old text has, in many cases, been retained. Excision has been very sparingly made. In the notes and comments, the aim of the edition is to give all that is indispensable for the intelligent enjoyment of the play. The brief glossary is devoted chiefly to the varying shades of meaning of terms often apparently simple.

J. H. L.

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INTRODUCTION

"The History of Henry the Fourth; with the battell at Shrewsburie, betweene the King and Lord Henry Percy, surnamed Henrie Hotspur of the North, with the humorous conceits of Sir John Falstaffe," was first published in quarto in Feb. 1598. The Second Part was not published until 1600, but an interesting piece of evidence makes it certain that the entire play was written before the publication of the First Part. The character represented by Falstaff was originally named Sir John Oldcastle, but the descendants of the Lollard knight exercised influence that caused Shakespeare to change the name. Some traces of the change, however, remain, as in the reference in 1 *Hen. IV*, 1. 2. 42. And in the Second Part, besides the explicit reference in the Epilogue, the contraction "Old" was left instead of "Fal" at 1. 2. 134. These facts show that when the Second Part was written the name was still Oldcastle, so that the complete play cannot be of later date than about the end of 1597.

Having pacified the defenders of Oldcastle, Shakespeare offended the admirers of Sir John Fastolf, a distinguished soldier in the campaigns in France during the first half of the fifteenth century. Fastolf had already appeared as a character in the *First Part of Henry VI*, and Shakespeare repeated an old and baseless charge of cowardice that had been brought against him for his conduct at Patay (1 *Henry VI*, 4. 1. 23). It is likely enough that the name of Falstaff was suggested by the recollection of this warrior of Paston Letters fame, but the Oldcastle origin precludes any farther connection.

The historical portion of *Henry IV* and *Henry V* Shakespeare derived from Holinshed's *Chronicles* in their revised form of 1587, but in some important points he appears to have followed not Holinshed but Samuel Daniel whose historical poem, *The History of the Civil Wars*, was itself based on the *Chronicles*. To Daniel's poem Shakespeare probably owed the idea of representing Hotspur as the youthful rival of Prince Hal, Percy in reality being older than the Prince's father. And besides this point of similarity in their deviation from the *Chronicles*—a point of the highest moment in

the development of Shakespeare's plot—there is in Daniel the notion that forms the guiding and coordinating principle running through the four plays, *Richard II*, *Henry IV* (1 and 2), and *Henry V*. In his borrowings from Holinshed Shakespeare displays his wonted boldness in the handling of history. He alters the order of events and arranges unhistorical groupings wherever a dramatic effect is to be gained. We wonder, however, not at his errors of detail, but at the extent to which he succeeded in uniting dramatic force and genuine historical fidelity. In one other important matter affecting the purely historical side of the play Shakespeare made an original contribution. He created Lady Percy and Lady Mortimer, and thus made the scene in which Hotspur is represented in his most attractive aspect.

There was yet one other source of the play —the early chronicle play called *The Famous Victories of Henry V*, written about 1586, and associated with the name of the actor, Richard Tarlton. This exceedingly crude drama, written mostly in prose, was highly popular up to Shakespeare's time, and as a literary origin it is entitled to respectful memory. For it

supplied Shakespeare with the traditional stories of Prince Hal in addition to such names as Oldcastle and Gadshill; it contained the inspiration of the great scene where Falstaff and Prince Hal take the parts of the king and his son; and, chief of all, its account of the highway and tavern escapades of Oldcastle and the prince is the germ of the merrymaking at the Boar's Head Tavern.

The play of *Henry IV* is the middle portion of a great dramatic epic, which opens with *Richard II* and culminates in *Henry V*. While *Richard II*, however, partakes of the common theme, it differs very greatly in respect of style from the rest of the trilogy. In fact the difference between *Richard II* and the *First Part of Henry IV* is one of the most striking instances of the rapid development of Shakespeare's art. For *Richard II* is clearly related to Marlowe's *Edward II*, while in *Henry IV* Shakespeare found his inspiration in the older order of chronicle play which he refashioned into a new and brilliant dramatic form.

The underlying unity of the trilogy may be easily seen by references to a few familiar passages. On the news of the return of the

banished Bolingbroke, Richard seeks comfort in the thought of the sanctity of the throne :

> Not all the water in the rough rude sea
> Can wash the balm from an anointed king;
> The breath of worldly men cannot depose
> The deputy elected by the Lord.

Similarly on Bolingbroke's seizure of the crown, the Bishop of Carlisle prophesies :

> The blood of English shall manure the ground
> And future ages groan for this foul act...
> O! if you rear this house against this house,
> It will the woefullest division prove
> That ever fell upon this cursed earth.

And in *Richard II* we find Hotspur and Prince Hal implicitly contrasted. When Bolingbroke enquires about his unthrifty son ("If any plague hang over us, 'tis he"), it is Hotspur to whom it falls to confirm the new king's suspicions of his son's weakness for the taverns and "unrestrained loose companions." *Henry IV* opens with the report of new "intestine shocks" which rudely puts an end to the king's dreams of a crusade. Henry is depicted as the victim of an ever-growing suspicion, imputing to others the arts by which he himself has risen. He is jealous of Hotspur at the very moment he

praises him as "the theme of honour's tongue," while of his son ("riot and dishonour stain the brow of my young Harry") he thinks that God has bred "revengement and a scourge." The king's suspicions of the prince are lulled only to reawake again, and his death-bed is haunted by the thought,

> therefore my grief
> Stretches itself beyond the hour of death:
> The blood weeps from my heart when I do shape
> In forms imaginary the unguided days
> And rotten times that you shall look upon
> When I am sleeping with my ancestors.

Finely in keeping with his character as a "politician," the king, at last reconciled to Prince Hal, leaves him the parting advice to embark on "foreign quarrels" so as to withdraw attention from the turmoils at home. And even in the height of his power and just before the triumph of Agincourt, the son, mindful of his father's fear of the penalty of usurpation, prays,

> Not to-day, O Lord!
> O! not to-day, think not upon the fault
> My father made in compassing the crown.
> I Richard's body have interred anew,
> And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears
> Than from it issu'd forced drops of blood.

When we pass from the First to the Second Part of Henry the Fourth, we are quickly conscious of a changed atmosphere. The Induction and the opening scene are concerned only with "fearful musters and prepar'd defence," and it is not Morton's brow alone that

> like to a title-leaf,
> Foretells the nature of a tragic volume.

Almost at the beginning of the First Part we encounter Prince Hal asking "Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?" In the Second Part his first and ominous words are "Before God, I am exceeding weary." His heart "bleeds inwardly that my father is so sick," and to the ill-timed banter of Poins he replies with acerbity that "keeping such vile company as thou art hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow." Shakespeare's opening scenes are always important, and it is significant that though Falstaff reappears with unabated wit his first verbal duel is with the Lord Chief Justice. There is a dreadful suggestion of impending Justice and Reformation. Even Falstaff's resourcefulness was never set a harder task than to try to avert our eyes from

approaching trouble. From the beginning of the play to the end his wit is fighting a splendid but losing battle. Ever the "posts come tiring on" with news of disaster. The King is sick unto death. Prince Hal is conscience-smitten and ashamed.

To accuse Shakespeare in his drawing of Prince Hal and Falstaff of making use of a sudden "conversion" is wilfully to ignore the most carefully forged link in the plot. At the very earliest opportunity in the First Part Prince Hal, in soliloquy, discloses his policy:

> I know you all, and will a while uphold
> The unyok'd humour of your idleness;
> Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
> Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
> To smother up his beauty from the world,
> That, when he please again to be himself,
> Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at.

Thus, grandiloquently, does the young Prince lay a flattering unction to his soul, and dignify his "loose behaviour" with the name of policy. Until he was "wanted," he intended to enjoy the sweets of irresponsibility, and all his talk of policy is but a youthful and very natural sophistry. Shakespeare is at pains to show that it deceived nobody. Warwick, indeed,

out of the kindness of his heart, assures the dying King that

> The prince but studies his companions
> Like a strange tongue,

but Henry the Fourth, a good judge of "policy," drily answers:

> 'Tis seldom when the bee doth leave her comb
> In the dead carrion.

And Warwick himself, after the King's death, is in no doubt that nobles now will have to "strike sail to spirits of vile sort." All the young King's brothers as well as the Lord Chief Justice speak in similar strain, and so testify that in his enjoyment of the passing hour Prince Hal had been most incredibly crafty in the concealment of his craft. It is not Shakespeare's insight that is at fault. He is equally true to life in making the young prince eager to find subtle and specious excuses for his conduct and in representing the general scepticism of such conduct being compatible with a willingness and an ability to prove equal to a great responsibility. The King, on his death-bed, sums up the character of his son.

> For he is gracious, if he be observ'd:
> He hath a tear for pity and a hand

Open as day for melting charity:
Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint,
As humorous as winter, and as sudden
As flaws congealed in the spring of day.

This true and considered judgment is momentarily shaken only to give dramatic emphasis to the final reconciliation.

O my son,
God put it in thy mind...
That thou mightst win the more thy father's love.

The dying King confesses his own "by-paths and indirect crook'd ways," and is happy in the thought that

All the soil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth.

But more than his own "soil of achievement" is buried with him. In some of his first words after his accession King Henry the Fifth nobly echoes his father's words of penitence, and claims the power, "being wanted," "again to be himself":

And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you;
My father is gone wild into his grave,
For in his tomb lie my affections*;
And with his spirit sadly I survive,

* *Affections*, i.e. inclination to "loose behaviour" (1 *Hen. IV*, 1. 2. 232).

To mock the expectation of the world,
To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
After my seeming.

Youthfulness of mind and agility of wit combined with age and corpulence are of the essence of Falstaff's attraction. "I am not only witty in myself," he claims on his re-appearance, "but the cause that wit is in other men." And the play is full of proofs of the assertion. Witness his masterly description of the real Shallow, "a man made after supper of a cheese-paring," and his inimitable retort to the Lord Chief Justice's scathing description of his senile infirmities. "You that are old consider not the capacities of us that are young... For my voice, I have lost it with halloing, and singing of anthems...There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head but I am thrust upon it. Well, I cannot last ever. But it was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If you will needs say I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is." The infection of his wit makes even the Lord Chief

Justice pun, and that "upright rabbit," the page whom the Prince had lent him, quickly learns "the right fencing grace" and is able to take his full share in the baiting of Bardolph. Poins, from old experience, warns the prince, "My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat." And in the final scene of all, the Prince, by a masterly art, is shown in his rebuke falling into the old-time badinage and only by an effort preventing the fat knight from scoring his usual triumph.

> Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace;
> Leave gormandizing; know the grave doth gape
> For thee thrice wider than for other men.
> Reply not to me with a fool-born jest.

Sceptics concerning Falstaff's courage have against them not only the knight's own word but the unimpeachable testimony of Mistress Quickly ("in good faith, he cares not what mischief he does, if his weapon be out: he will foin like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child"), of Mistress Tearsheet ("thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon"), of Sir John Colevile ("I think you are Sir John Falstaff, and in that

thought yield me"), and of the "dozen captains" who, knowing the hero's habits, come

> Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,
> And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.

With Falstaff's interpretation of this attention it would be discourteous to quarrel: "You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after: the undeserver may sleep, when the man of action is called on." More open to doubt, however, is Falstaff's judgment. The valour of his wit knew no discretion. This Shakespeare was careful to emphasise in the former part of the play, when the Prince rebuked Falstaff's jesting on the field of Shrewsbury ("What is't a time to jest and dally now?"). The scene of Falstaff's downfall is merely an extended reproduction of this episode, but various circumstances confuse the issue. For the sake of dramatic irony Falstaff's hopes are allowed to expand until the very minute of disaster: "I am fortune's steward...I know the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends; and woe to my lord chief justice!" All this begets a meretricious pathos

when the blow does fall, and sympathy and reason are yet more widely estranged as the old lord of misrule passes from our ken vainly seeking comfort in the thought, "I shall be sent for soon at night." Reason has no ground for refusing to agree with Lancaster,

> I like this fair proceeding of the king's:
> He hath intent his wonted followers
> Shall all be very well provided for;
> But all are banish'd till their conversations
> Appear more wise and modest to the world.

But the legion of readers whom the end of the play has left cold are not without some reasons for the feeling. They may fairly enough regret that Falstaff should be exposed even temporarily to humiliation at the hands of two enemies, though Falstaff plainly intended as much by them. And there need be no hesitation in regretting that the final verdict on this question of conduct is pronounced by so treacherous a scoundrel as Prince John of Lancaster.

That Falstaff dominates the entire play is a critical commonplace. (He spoke prophetically, both of his creator and of himself, when he said, "the brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent any thing that

tends to laughter more than I invent or is invented on me.") It is perhaps even more true of the second than of the first part; for we miss in the second such types of chivalry as Hotspur, Vernon, Blunt, and Glendower, and the feminine interest afforded by Lady Percy and Lady Mortimer, even though the latter talks only Welsh and is not reported. But with all this predominance it is arguable that Shakespeare intended us to note a gradual deterioration in Falstaff. So long as his splendid mendacities hurt nobody and deceive not even himself, he is merely the greatest contributor to the stock of human mirth; but the fleecing of the Hostess and of Justice Shallow brings a taint of something much harder to condone than a Gadshill robbery. And not even Falstaff's wit is without its blunter moments, as when he turns its edge on such predestined victims as Mouldy, Wart, and Shadow. Of much of this humour Shakespeare successfully disarms criticism by bestowing on it the delighted approval of Robert Shallow.

It is certainly not true to say that Falstaff has no claim on our respect. Without any moral scruples of his own to add to his burden

of corpulency, he analyses the foibles of others with a mastery that owes nothing to introspection. Our knowledge of the *dramatis personae* of both parts of the play would be immeasurably the poorer without the light of his criticism. His wit reveals a fool (as Thackeray said of Fielding's) like the flash of a policeman's lantern. And Shakespeare never conceived a better place for the exercise of Falstaff's talent than the Gloucestershire house of Justice Shallow. This meeting of Wit and Fatuity personified is one of the greatest triumphs of comedy, and its acme is surely the noisiness of Master Silence. Even Falstaff was surprised.

> *Fal.* I did not think Master Silence had been a man of this mettle.
>
> *Sil.* Who, I? I have been merry twice or once ere now.

The whole of this scene gives special point to Ben Jonson's praise of Shakespeare as being "not of an age but for all time." For here, in respect of subtle analysis of character and dexterous use of the choicest English prose, Shakespeare overleaps a century and a half and joins hands with Henry Fielding.

KING HENRY IV

PART II

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Rumour, *the Presenter.*
King Henry the Fourth.
Henry, Prince *of* Wales, *afterwards King Henry V.*
Thomas, *Duke of* Clarence,
Prince John *of* Lancaster,
Prince Humphrey *of* Gloucester,
} *his sons.*
Earl *of* Warwick.
Earl *of* Westmoreland.
Earl *of* Surrey.
Gower.
Harcourt.
Blunt.
Lord Chief Justice *of the King's Bench.*
A Servant *of the Chief Justice.*
Earl *of* Northumberland.
Scroop, *Archbishop of* York.
Lord Mowbray. Lord Hastings.
Lord Bardolph. Sir John Colevile.
} *enemies to the King.*
Travers *and* Morton, *retainers of Northumberland.*
Sir John Falstaff. *His* Page.
Bardolph. Pistol. Poins. Peto.

Shallow,
Silence, } *country Justices.*

Davy, *servant to* Shallow.

Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, *and* Bullcalf, *recruits.*

Fang *and* Snare, *sheriff's officers.*

Lady Northumberland.

Lady Percy.

Mistress Quickly, *hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.*

Doll Tearsheet.

Lords and Attendants; Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, etc.

A Dancer, speaker of the epilogue.

SCENE—England.

SECOND PART OF
KING HENRY IV

INDUCTION

Warkworth. *Before* Northumberland's *Castle*

Enter Rumour, *painted full of tongues*

Rum. Open your ears; for which of you will stop
The vent of hearing when loud Rumour speaks?
I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth:
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace, while covert enmity
Under the smile of safety wounds the world: 10
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful musters and prepar'd defence,
Whilst the big year, swoln with some other grief,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures,
And of so easy and so plain a stop

That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomize
Among my household? Why is Rumour here?
I run before King Harry's victory;
Who in a bloody field by Shrewsbury
Hath beaten down young Hotspur and his troops,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Even with the rebel's blood. But what mean I
To speak so true at first? my office is
To noise abroad that Harry Monmouth fell
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword,
And that the king before the Douglas' rage
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns
Between that royal field of Shrewsbury
And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,
Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
Lies crafty-sick: the posts come tiring on,
And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learn'd of me: from Rumour's tongues
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true wrongs. [*Exit.*

ACT I SCENE I

The same

Enter Lord Bardolph

L. Bard. Who keeps the gate here? ho!
The Porter *opens the gate*
Where is the earl?

Port. What shall I say you are?

L. Bard. Tell thou the earl
That the Lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

Port. His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard:
Please it your honour, knock but at the gate,
And he himself will answer.

Enter Northumberland

L. Bard. Here comes the earl.
[*Exit* Porter.

North. What news, Lord Bardolph? every minute now
Should be the father of some stratagem:
The times are wild; contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose

And bears down all before him.
L. Bard. Noble earl,
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.
North. Good, an God will!
L. Bard. As good as heart can wish:
The king is almost wounded to the death;
And, in the fortune of my lord your son,
Prince Harry slain outright; and both the Blunts
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas; young Prince John
And Westmoreland and Stafford fled the field;
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk Sir John,
Is prisoner to your son: O, such a day,
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,
Came not till now to dignify the times,
Since Cæsar's fortunes!
North. How is this deriv'd?
Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?
L. Bard. I spake with one, my lord, that came from thence;
A gentleman well bred and of good name,
That freely render'd me these news for true.
North. Here comes my servant Travers, whom I sent
On Tuesday last to listen after news.

L. Bard. My lord, I over-rode him on the way;
And he is furnish'd with no certainties
More than he haply may retail from me.

Enter Travers

North. Now, Travers, what good tidings comes with you?

Tra. My lord, Sir John Umfrevile turn'd me back
With joyful tidings; and, being better hors'd,
Out-rode me. After him came spurring hard
A gentleman, almost forspent with speed,
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse.
He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him
I did demand what news from Shrewsbury.
He told me that rebellion had bad luck
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold.
With that he gave his able horse the head,
And, bending forward, struck his armed heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade
Up to the rowel-head, and, starting so,
He seem'd in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer question.

North. Ha! Again:
Said he young Harry Percy's spur was cold?

Of Hotspur, Coldspur? that rebellion
Had met ill luck?

L. Bard. My lord, I 'll tell you what;
If my young lord your son have not the day,
Upon mine honour, for a silken point
I 'll give my barony: never talk of it.

North. Why should the gentleman that rode by Travers
Give then such instances of loss?

L. Bard. Who, he?
He was some hilding fellow that had stolen
The horse he rode on, and, upon my life,
Spoke at a venture. Look, here comes more news.

Enter Morton

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume:
So looks the strond whereon the imperious flood
Hath left a witness'd usurpation.
Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?

Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord;
Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask
To fright our party.

North. How doth my son and brother?

Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him half his Troy was burn'd;
But Priam found the fire ere he his tongue,
And I my Percy's death ere thou report'st it.
This thou wouldst say, *Your son did thus and thus;*
Your brother thus: so fought the noble Douglas:
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds:
But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
Ending with *Brother, son, and all are dead.*
Mor. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet;
But, for my lord your son,—
North. Why, he is dead.
See what a ready tongue suspicion hath!
He that but fears the thing he would not know
Hath by instinct knowledge from others' eyes
That what he fear'd is chanced. Yet speak, Morton;
Tell thou thy earl his divination lies,
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace

And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.
Mor. You are too great to be by me gainsaid:
Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.
North. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead.
I see a strange confession in thine eye:
Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it fear or sin
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so;
The tongue offends not that reports his death:
And he doth sin that doth belie the dead,
Not he which says the dead is not alive.
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office, and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd knolling a departing friend.
L. Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.
Mor. I am sorry I should force you to believe
That which I would to God I had not seen;
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
Rendering faint quittance, wearied and outbreath'd,
To Harry Monmouth; whose swift wrath beat down
The never-daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence with life he never more sprung up.

In few, his death, whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the best-temper'd courage in his troops;
For from his metal was his party steel'd;
Which once in him abated, all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead:
And as the thing that's heavy in itself,
Upon enforcement flies with greatest speed,
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear
That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
Fly from the field. Then was that noble Worcester
Too soon ta'en prisoner; and that furious Scot,
The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword
Had three times slain the appearance of the king,
'Gan vail his stomach, and did grace the shame
Of those that turn'd their backs, and in his flight,
Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all
Is that the king hath won, and hath sent out
A speedy power to encounter you, my lord,
Under the conduct of young Lancaster
And Westmoreland. This is the news at full.

North. For this I shall have time enough to mourn.
In poison there is physic; and these news,
Having been well, that would have made me sick,
Being sick, have in some measure made me well:
And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,
Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms, even so my limbs,
Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief,
Are thrice themselves. Hence, therefore, thou nice crutch!
A scaly gauntlet now with joints of steel
Must glove this hand: and hence, thou sickly quoif!
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head
Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron; and approach
The ragged'st hour that time and spite dare bring
To frown upon the enrag'd Northumberland!
Let heaven kiss earth! now let not Nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confin'd! let order die!
And let this world no longer be a stage
To feed contention in a lingering act;

But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead!
Tra. This strained passion doth you wrong, my lord.
L. Bard. Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your honour.
Mor. The lives of all your loving complices
Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er
To stormy passion, must perforce decay.
You cast the event of war, my noble lord,
And summ'd the account of chance, before you said
Let us make head. It was your presurmise,
That, in the dole of blows, your son might drop:
You knew he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge,
More likely to fall in than to get o'er;
You were advis'd his flesh was capable
Of wounds and scars, and that his forward spirit
Would lift him where most trade of danger rang'd:
Yet did you say *Go forth*; and none of this,
Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
The stiff-borne action: what hath then befallen,

Or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth,
More than that being which was like to be ?
L. Bard. We all that are engaged to this loss
Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous seas
That if we wrought out life 'twas ten to one ;
And yet we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd
Chok'd the respect of likely peril fear'd ;
And since we are o'erset, venture again.
Come, we will all put forth, body and goods.
Mor. 'Tis more than time : and, my most noble lord,
I hear for certain, and do speak the truth,
The gentle Archbishop of York is up
With well-appointed powers : he is a man
Who with a double surety binds his followers.
My lord your son had only but the corpse,
But shadows and the shows of men, to fight ;
For that same word, rebellion, did divide
The action of their bodies from their souls ;
And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd,
As men drink potions, that their weapons only
Seem'd on our side ; but, for their spirits and souls,
This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
As fish are in a pond. But now the bishop
Turns insurrection to religion ;

Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,
He 's follow'd both with body and with mind ;
And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
Of fair King Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret stones ;
Derives from heaven his quarrel and his cause ;
Tells them he doth bestride a bleeding land,
Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke ;
And more and less do flock to follow him.

North. I knew of this before ; but, to speak truth,
This present grief had wip'd it from my mind.
Go in with me ; and counsel every man
The aptest way for safety and revenge :
Get posts and letters, and make friends with speed :
Never so few, and never yet more need.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

London. *A Street*

Enter Sir John Falstaff, *with his* Page *bearing his sword and buckler*

Fal. Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor ?

Page. He said, sir, the party might have more diseases than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me: the brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee like a sow that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgement. Thou mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap than to wait at my heels. I was never manned with an agate till now: but I will set you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel,—the juvenal, the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledged. I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand than he shall get one on his cheek; and yet he will not stick to say his face is a face-royal: God may finish it when he will, 'tis not a hair amiss yet: he may keep it still as a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it; and yet he will be crowing as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can

assure him. What said Master Dombledon about the satin for my short cloak and my slops?

Page. He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph: he would not take his band and yours; he liked not the security.

Fal. Let him be damned, like the glutton! pray God his tongue be hotter! An Achitophel! a rascally yea-forsooth knave! to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security! The smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is through with them in honest taking up, then they must stand upon security. I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth as offer to stop it with security. I looked a' should have sent me two and twenty yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he sends me security. Well, he may sleep in security; for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it: and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lanthorn to light him. Where's Bardolph?

Page. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship a horse.

Fal. I bought him in Paul's, and he 'll buy me a horse in Smithfield: an I could get me but a wife, I were manned, horsed, and wived.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice *and* Servant

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

Fal. Wait close; I will not see him.

Ch. Just. What's he that goes there?

Serv. Falstaff, an 't please your lordship.

Ch. Just. He that was in question for the robbery?

Serv. He, my lord: but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury; and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the Lord John of Lancaster.

Ch. Just. What, to York? Call him back again.

Serv. Sir John Falstaff!

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Page. You must speak louder; my master is deaf.

Ch. Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing of anything good. Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.

Serv. Sir John!

Fal. What! a young knave, and beg! Is there not wars? is there not employment? doth not the king lack subjects? do not the rebels need soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Serv. You mistake me, sir.

Fal. Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat if I had said so.

Serv. I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside; and give me leave to tell you you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me! If thou gett'st any leave of me, hang me; if thou takest leave, thou wert better be hanged. You hunt-counter: hence! avaunt!

Serv. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Ch. Just. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord! God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship

abroad: I heard say your lordship was sick: I hope your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltness of time; and I most humbly beseech your lordship to have a reverend care of your health.

Ch. Just. Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

Fal. An't please your lordship, I hear his majesty is returned with some discomfort from Wales.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his majesty: you would not come when I sent for you.

Fal. And I hear, moreover, his highness is fallen into this same apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, heaven mend him! I pray you, let me speak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a tingling.

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief, from study, and perturbation of the brain: I have read the cause of his effects in Galen: it is a kind of deafness.

Ch. Just. I think you are fallen into the disease; for you hear not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an 't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Ch. Just. To punish you by the heels would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not if I do become your physician.

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient: your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or indeed a scruple itself.

Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in less.

Ch. Just. Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

Ch. Just. You have misled the youthful prince.

Fal. The young prince hath misled me: I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Ch. Just. Well, I am loath to gall a new-healed wound: your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gad's-hill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-posting that action.

Fal. My lord!

Ch. Just. But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping wolf.

Fal. To wake a wolf is as bad as to smell a fox.

Ch. Just. What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A wassail candle, my lord, all tallow: if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair on your face but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

Ch. Just. You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

Fal. Not so, my lord ; your ill angel is light ; but I hope he that looks upon me will take me without weighing : and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go, I cannot tell. Virtue is of so little regard in these costermonger times that true valour is turned bear-herd : pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings : all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You that are old consider not the capacities of us that are young ; you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls : and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too. 201

Ch. Just. Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age ? Have you not a moist eye ? a dry hand ? a yellow cheek ? a white beard ? a decreasing leg ? an increasing belly ? Is not your voice broken ? your wind short ? your chin double ? your wit single ? and every part about you blasted with antiquity ?

and will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John!

Fal. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head and something a round belly. For my voice, I have lost it with hollaing, and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgement and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him! For the box o' the ear that the prince gave you, he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him for it, and the young lion repents; marry, not in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silk and old sack.

Ch. Just. Well, God send the prince a better companion!

Fal. God send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Just. Well, the king hath severed you and Prince Harry: I hear you are going with Lord John of Lancaster against the Archbishop and the Earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yea; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady

Peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day; for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, and I brandish anything but a bottle, I would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head but I am thrust upon it. Well, I cannot last ever. But it was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If you will needs say I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is: I were better to be eaten to death with rust than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest; and God bless your expedition!

Fal. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me forth?

Ch. Just. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well: commend me to my cousin Westmoreland.

[*Exeunt* Chief Justice *and* Servant.

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle. Boy!

Page. Sir?

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats and two pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable Go bear this letter to my Lord of Lancaster: this to the prince; this to the Earl of Westmoreland; and this to old Mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin. About it: you know where to find me. [*Exit* Page.] A plague of this gout! 'Tis no matter if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable. A good wit will make use of any thing: I will turn diseases to commodity. [*Exit.*

SCENE III

York. *A Room in the* Archbishop's *Palace*

Enter the Archbishop, *the* Lords Hastings, Mowbray, *and* Bardolph

Arch. Thus have you heard our cause and known our means;
And, my most noble friends, I pray you all,
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes:

And first, lord marshal, what say you to it?
Mowb. I well allow the occasion of our arms;
But gladly would be better satisfied
How in our means we should advance ourselves
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the power and puissance of the king.
Hast. Our present musters grow upon the file
To five-and-twenty thousand men of choice;
And our supplies live largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns
With an incensed fire of injuries.
L. Bard. The question then, Lord Hastings, standeth thus;
Whether our present five-and-twenty thousand
May hold up head without Northumberland.
Hast. With him, we may.
L. Bard. Ay, marry, there's the point:
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgement is, we should not step too far
Till we had his assistance by the hand;
For in a theme so bloody-fac'd as this,
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise
Of aids incertain should not be admitted.
Arch. 'Tis very true, Lord Bardolph; for indeed
It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

L. Bard. It was, my lord ; who lin'd himself
with hope,
Eating the air on promise of supply,
Flattering himself with project of a power
Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts :
And so, with great imagination
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,
And winking leap'd into destruction.
Hast. But, by your leave, it never yet did
hurt
To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope.
L. Bard. Yes, if this present quality of war,—
Indeed the instant action : a cause on foot—
Lives so in hope as in an early spring
We see the appearing buds, which to prove fruit,
Hope gives not so much warrant as despair
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to
build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model ;
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection ;
Which if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then but draw anew the model
In fewer offices, or at last desist
To build at all ? Much more, in this great work,
Which is almost to pluck a kingdom down

And set another up, should we survey
The plot of situation and the model,
Consent upon a sure foundation,
Question surveyors, know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo,
To weigh against his opposite ; or else
We fortify in paper and in figures,
Using the names of men instead of men :
Like one that draws the model of a house
Beyond his power to build it ; who, half through,
Gives o'er and leaves his part-created cost
A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

Hast. Grant that our hopes, yet likely of fair birth,
Should be still-born, and that we now possess'd
The utmost man of expectation,
I think we are a body strong enough,
Even as we are, to equal with the king.

L. Bard. What, is the king but five-and-twenty thousand ?

Hast. To us no more ; nay, not so much, Lord Bardolph.
For his divisions, as the times do brawl,
Are in three heads : one power against the French,

And one against Glendower ; perforce a third
Must take up us : so is the unfirm king
In three divided ; and his coffers sound
With hollow poverty and emptiness.
Arch. That he should draw his several strengths together
And come against us in full puissance,
Need not be dreaded.
Hast. If he should do so,
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welsh
Baying him at the heels : never fear that.
L. Bard. Who is it like should lead his forces hither ?
Hast. The Duke of Lancaster and Westmoreland ;
Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Monmouth :
But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
I have no certain notice.
Arch. Let us on,
And publish the occasion of our arms.
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice ;
Their over-greedy love hath surfeited :
An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.

O thou fond many, with what loud applause
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Boling-
broke,
Before he was what thou wouldst have him be!
And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.
So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard;
And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these
times?
They that, when Richard liv'd, would have him die,
Are now become enamour'd on his grave:
Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head
When through proud London he came sighing on
After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,
Cry'st now, *O earth, yield us that king again,*
And take thou this! O thoughts of men accurst!
Past and to come seem best; things present
worst.

Mowb. Shall we go draw our numbers and
set on?

Hast. We are time's subjects, and time bids
be gone. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II SCENE I

London. *A Street*

Enter Hostess, Fang *and his* Boy *with her, and* Snare *following*

Host. Master Fang, have you entered the action?

Fang. It is entered.

Host. Where 's your yeoman? Is 't a lusty yeoman? will a' stand to 't?

Fang. Sirrah, where 's Snare?

Host. O Lord, ay! good Master Snare.

Snare. Here, here.

Fang. Snare, we must arrest Sir John Falstaff.

Host. Yea, good Master Snare; I have entered him and all.

Snare. It may chance cost some of us our lives, for he will stab.

Host. Alas the day! take heed of him; he stabbed me in mine own house, and that most beastly: in good faith, he cares not what mischief he does, if his weapon be out: he will foin like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust. 21

Host. No, nor I neither: I'll be at your elbow.

Fang. An I but fist him once; an a' come but within my vice,—

Host. I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he 's an infinitive thing upon my score. Good Master Fang, hold him sure: good Master Snare, let him not 'scape. A' comes continuantly to Pie-corner—saving your manhoods—to buy a saddle; and he 's indited to dinner to the Lubber's-head in Lumbert street, to Master Smooth's the silkman: I pray ye, since my exion is entered and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long one for a poor lone woman to bear: and I have borne, and borne, and borne, and have been fubbed off, and fubbed off, and fubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing; unless a woman should be made an ass and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong. Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsey-nose knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your offices, Master Fang and Master Snare; do me, do me, do me your offices.

Enter Falstaff, Page, *and* Bardolph

Fal. How now! whose mare's dead? what's the matter?

Fang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of Mistress Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets! Draw, Bardolph: cut me off the villain's head: throw the quean in the channel.

Host. Throw me in the channel! I'll throw thee in the channel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue! Murder, murder! Ah, thou honey-suckle villain! wilt thou kill God's officers and the king's? Ah, thou honey-seed rogue! thou art a honey-seed, a man-queller, and a woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Fang. A rescue! a rescue!

Host. Good people, bring a rescue or two! Thou wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't ta? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-seed!

Fal. Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you fustilarian! I'll tickle your catastrophe.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice, *attended*

Ch. Just. What is the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

Host. Good my lord, be good to me. I beseech you, stand to me!

Ch. Just. How now, Sir John! what, are you brawling here?
Doth this become your place, your time, and business?
You should have been well on your way to York.
Stand from him, fellow: wherefore hang'st upon him?

Host. O my most worshipful lord, an 't please your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just. For what sum?

Host. It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all, all I have. He hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his: but I will have some of it out again, or I will ride thee o' nights like the mare.

Fal. I think I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Just. How comes this, Sir John? Fie! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

Fal. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Host. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Wheeson week, when the prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing-man of Windsor, thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people; saying that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath: deny it, if thou canst.

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad soul; she hath been in good case, and the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers,

I beseech you I may have redress against them.

Ch. Just. Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration: you have, as it appears to me, practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and in person.

Host. Yea, in truth, my lord.

Ch. Just. Prithee, peace. Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villany you have done her; the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply. You call honourable boldness impudent sauciness: if a man will make courtesy and say nothing, he is virtuous. No, my lord, my humble duty remembered, I will not be your suitor. I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs.

Ch. Just. You speak as having power to do

wrong ; but answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hostess.

Enter Gower

Ch. Just. Now, Master Gower, what news ?

Gow. The king, my lord, and Harry Prince of Wales
Are near at hand : the rest the paper tells.

Fal. As I am a gentleman. 150

Host. Nay, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman. Come, no more words of it.

Host. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking : and for thy walls, a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the Prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work, is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, an 'twere not for thy humours, there 's not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw thy action. Come, thou must not be in this humour

with me; dost not know me? come, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

Host. Prithee, Sir John, let it be but twenty nobles: i' faith, I am loath to pawn my plate, so God save me, la!

Fal. Let it alone; I'll make other shift: you'll be a fool still.

Host. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope you'll come to supper. You'll pay me altogether?

Fal. Will I live? [*To* Bardolph] Go, with her, with her; hook on, hook on.

Host. Will you have Doll Tearsheet meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words; let's have her.

[*Exeunt* Hostess, Bardolph, Officers, *and* Boy.

Ch. Just. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my lord?

Ch. Just. Where lay the king last night?

Gow. At Basingstoke, my lord.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well: what is the news, my lord?

Ch. Just. Come all his forces back?

Gow. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse,
Are march'd up to my lord of Lancaster,

Against Northumberland and the Archbishop.

Fal. Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?

Ch. Just. You shall have letters of me presently:

Come, go along with me, good Master Gower.

Fal. My lord!

Ch. Just. What's the matter?

Fal. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gow. I must wait upon my good lord here; I thank you, good Sir John. 199

Ch. Just. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, Master Gower?

Ch. Just. What foolish master taught you these manners, Sir John?

Fal. Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me. This is the right fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap, and so part fair.

Ch. Just. Now the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

London. *Another Street*

Enter Prince Henry *and* Poins

Prince. Before God, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is 't come to that? I had thought weariness durst not have attached one of so high blood.

Prince. Faith, it does me; though it discolours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer?

Poins. Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied as to remember so weak a composition.

Prince. Belike then my appetite was not princely got; for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me to remember thy name! or to know thy face to-morrow! or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast, viz. these, and those that were thy peach-coloured ones!

or to bear the inventory of thy shirts, as, one for superfluity, and another for use! But that the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee when thou keepest not racket there; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland: and God knows, whether those that bawl out the ruins of thy linen shall inherit his kingdom.

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have laboured so hard, you should talk so idly! Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is?

Prince. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

Poins. Yes, faith; and let it be an excellent good thing.

Prince. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to; I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.

Prince. Marry, I tell thee, it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick: albeit I could tell to thee (as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend), I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly upon such a subject.

Prince. By this hand, thou thinkest me as far in the devil's book as thou and Falstaff for obduracy and persistency: let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is so sick: and keeping such vile company as thou art hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

Poins. The reason?

Prince. What wouldst thou think of me, if I should weep?

Poins. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

Prince. It would be every man's thought; and thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks: never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine: every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought to think so?

Poins. Why, because you have been so lewd and so much engraffed to Falstaff.

Prince. And to thee.

Poins. By this light, I am well spoke on; I can hear it with mine own ears: the worst that they can say of me is that I am a second brother and that I am a proper fellow of my hands; and

those two things, I confess, I cannot help. By the mass, here comes Bardolph.

Enter Bardolph *and* Page

Prince. And the boy that I gave Falstaff: he had him from me Christian; and look, if the fat villain have not transformed him ape.

Bard. God save your grace! 78

Prince. And yours, most noble Bardolph!

Bard. Come, you virtuous ass, you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man-at-arms are you become! Is 't such a matter to get a pottle-pot.

Page. A' calls me e'en now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window: at last I spied his eyes, and methought he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat and peeped through.

Prince. Hath not the boy profited? 90

Bard. Away, you upright rabbit, away!

Page. Away, you rascally Althæa's dream, away!

Prince. Instruct us, boy; what dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my lord, Althæa dreamed she

was delivered of a fire-brand ; and therefore I call him her dream.

Prince. A crown's worth of good interpretation : there 'tis, boy.

Poins. O, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers ! Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee. 101

Bard. An you do not make him be hanged among you, the gallows shall have wrong.

Prince. And how doth thy master, Bardolph ?

Bard. Well, my lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town ; there 's a letter for you.

Poins. Delivered with good respect. And how doth the martlemas, your master ?

Bard. In bodily health, sir. 109

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician ; but that moves not him : though that be sick, it dies not.

Prince. I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog; and he holds his place ; for look you how he writes.

Poins. [Reads] *John Falstaff, knight,*—every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself : even like those that are kin to the king ; for they never prick their finger but they say, ' There 's some of the king's blood spilt.'

'How comes that ?' says he, that takes upon him not to conceive. The answer is as ready as a borrower's cap, 'I am the king's poor cousin, sir.'

Prince. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But to the letter :

Poins. [Reads] *Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry Prince of Wales, greeting.* Why, this is a certificate.

Prince. Peace ! 130

Poins. [Reads] *I will imitate the honourable Romans in brevity :* he sure means brevity in breath, short-winded. *I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins ; for he misuses thy favours so much that he swears thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou mayest ; and so, farewell.*

> *Thine, by yea and no, which is as much as to say, as thou usest him,* Jack Falstaff, *with my familiars,* John, *with my brothers and sisters, and* Sir John, *with all Europe.*

My lord, I 'll steep this letter in sack and make him eat it.

Prince. That 's to make him eat twenty of his

words. But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

Poins. God send the wench no worse fortune! But I never said so.

Prince. Well, thus we play the fools with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us. Is your master here in London?

Bard. Yea, my lord.

Prince. Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank?

Bard. At the old place, my lord, in East-cheap.

Prince. What company?

Page. Ephesians, my lord, of the old church.

Prince. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old Mistress Quickly and Mistress Doll Tearsheet.

Prince. What pagan may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

Prince. Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

Poins. I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you.

Prince. Sirrah, you boy, and Bardolph, no

word to your master that I am yet come to town: there's for your silence.

Bard. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine, sir, I will govern it.

Prince. Fare you well; go.

[*Exeunt* Bardolph *and* Page.

How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

Poins. Put on two leathern jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers. 181

Prince. From a god to a bull? a heavy descension! it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation! that shall be mine; for in every thing the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

Warkworth. *Before the Castle*

Enter Northumberland, Lady Northumberland, *and* Lady Percy

North. I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,
Give even way unto my rough affairs:

Put not you on the visage of the times,
And be like them to Percy troublesome.
Lady N. I have given over, I will speak no more:
Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.
North. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn;
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.
Lady P. O yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars!
The time was, father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endear'd to it than now;
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,
Threw many a northward look to see his father
Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain.
Who then persuaded you to stay at home?
There were two honours lost, yours and your son's.
For yours, the God of heaven brighten it!
For his, it stuck upon him as the sun
In the grey vault of heaven; and by his light
Did all the chivalry of England move
To do brave acts: he was indeed the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves:
He had no legs that practis'd not his gait;

And speaking thick, which nature made his
blemish,
Became the accents of the valiant;
For those that could speak low and tardily
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,
To seem like him: so that in speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humours of blood,
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashion'd others. And him, O wondrous
him!
O miracle of men! him did you leave,
Second to none, unseconded by you,
To look upon the hideous god of war
In disadvantage; to abide a field
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name
Did seem defensible: so you left him.
Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong
To hold your honour more precise and nice
With others than with him! let them alone:
The marshal and the archbishop are strong:
Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,
To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.

North. Beshrew your heart,
Fair daughter! you do draw my spirits from me

With new lamenting ancient oversights.
But I must go and meet with danger there,
Or it will seek me in another place
And find me worse provided.
Lady N. O, fly to Scotland,
Till that the nobles and the armed commons
Have of their puissance made a little taste.
Lady P. If they get ground and vantage of the king,
Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
To make strength stronger; but, for all our loves,
First let them try themselves. So did your son;
He was so suffer'd: so came I a widow;
And never shall have length of life enough
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,
That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,
For recordation to my noble husband.
North. Come, come, go in with me. 'Tis with my mind
As with the tide swell'd up unto its height,
That makes a still-stand, running neither way:
Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,
But many thousand reasons hold me back.
I will resolve for Scotland: there am I,
Till time and vantage crave my company.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV

London. *A Room in the Boar's-head Tavern in Eastcheap*

Enter two Drawers

1 *Draw.* What the devil hast thou brought there? apple-johns? thou knowest Sir John cannot endure an apple-john.

2 *Draw.* Mass, thou sayest true. The prince once set a dish of apple-johns before him, and told him there were five more Sir Johns, and, putting off his hat, said *I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, withered knights.* It angered him to the heart: but he hath forgot that.

1 *Draw.* Why, then, cover, and set them down: and see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise; Mistress Tearsheet would fain hear some music. Dispatch: the room where they supped is too hot; they 'll come in straight.

2 *Draw.* Sirrah, here will be the prince and Master Poins anon; and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons; and Sir John must not know of it: Bardolph hath brought word.

1 *Draw.* By the mass, here will be old utis : it will be an excellent stratagem.

2 *Draw.* I 'll see if I can find out Sneak.

[*Exit.*

Enter Hostess *and* Doll Tearsheet

Host. I' faith, sweetheart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality ; your pulsidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire ; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose, in good truth, la ! But, i' faith, you have drunk too much canaries ; and that 's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can say *What 's this ?* How do you now ?

Dol. Better than I was : hem !

Host. Why, that 's well said ; a good heart 's worth gold. Lo, here comes Sir John.

Enter Falstaff

Fal. [Singing] *When Arthur first in court— And was a worthy king.* How now, Mistress Doll !

Host. Sick of a calm ; yea, good sooth.

Fal. So is all her sect ; an they be once in a calm, they are sick.

Dol. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me ?

Fal. You make fat rascals, Mistress Doll.

Dol. I make them ! gluttony and diseases make them ; I make them not.

Fal. If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help, Doll : grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

Dol. Yea, joy, our chains and our jewels.

Fal. *Your brooches, pearls, and owches.*

Dol. Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself !

Host. By my troth, this is the old fashion ; you two never meet but you fall to some discord : you are both, in good troth, as rheumatic as two dry toasts ; you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good-year ! one must bear, and that must be you : you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

Dol. A huge full hogshead ! there 's a whole merchant's venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him ; you have not seen a hulk better stuffed in the hold. Come, I 'll be friends with thee, Jack : thou art going to the wars ; and whether I shall ever see thee again or no, there is nobody cares.

Re-enter First Drawer

1 *Draw.* Sir, Ancient Pistol 's below, and would speak with you.

Dol. Hang him, swaggering rascal ! let him not come hither : it is the foul-mouthed'st rogue in England.

Host. If he swagger, let him not come here : no, by my faith ; I must live amongst my neighbours ; I 'll no swaggerers : I am in good name and fame with the very best : shut the door ; there comes no swaggerers here : I have not lived all this while, to have swaggering now : shut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Dost thou hear, hostess ?

Host. Pray you, pacify yourself, Sir John : there comes no swaggerers here.

Fal. Dost thou hear ? it is mine ancient.

Host. Tilly-fally, Sir John, ne'er tell me : your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before Master Tisick, the debuty, t' other day ; and, as he said to me, 'twas no longer ago than Wednesday last, *I' good faith, neighbour Quickly*, says he ; Master Dumbe, our minister, was by then ; *neighbour Quickly*, says he, *receive those that are civil ; for*, said he, *you are in an ill name :* now a' said so, I can tell whereupon ;

for, says he, *you are an honest woman, and well thought on ; therefore take heed what guests you receive : receive*, says he, *no swaggering companions.* There comes none here : you would bless you to hear what he said : no, I 'll no swaggerers.

Fal. He 's no swaggerer, hostess ; a tame cheater, i' faith ; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound : he 'll not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance. Call him up, drawer.

[*Exit* First Drawer.

Host. Cheater, call you him ? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater : but I do not love swaggering, by my troth ; I am the worse, when one says swagger : feel, masters, how I shake ; look you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you do, hostess.

Host. Do I ? yea, in very truth, do I, an 'twere an aspen leaf : I cannot abide swaggerers.

Enter Pistol, Bardolph, *and* Page

Pist. God save you, Sir John !

Fal. Welcome, Ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack : do you discharge upon mine hostess.

Pist. I will discharge upon her, Sir John.

Fal. She is pistol-proof, sir ; you shall hardly offend her.

Host. Come, I 'll drink no proofs : I 'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

Pist. Then to you, Mistress Dorothy ; I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me ! I scorn you, scurvy companion. What ! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate ! Away, you mouldy rogue, away ! I am meat for your master.

Pist. I know you, Mistress Dorothy.

Dol. Away, you cut-purse rascal ! you filthy bung, away ! by this wine, I 'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, an you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal ! you basket-hilt stale juggler, you ! Since when, I pray you, sir ? God's light, with two points on your shoulder ? much !

Pist. God let me not live, but I will murder your ruff for this.

Fal. No more, Pistol ; I would not have you go off here : discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

Host. No, good Captain Pistol ; not here, sweet captain.

Dol. Captain! thou abominable damned cheater, art thou not ashamed to be called captain? An captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earned them. You a captain! you slave, for what? for tearing a ruff? He a captain! hang him, rogue! he lives upon mouldy stewed prunes and dried cakes. A captain! God's light, these villains will make the word as odious as the word *occupy*; which was an excellent good word before it was ill sorted: therefore captains had need look to 't.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, Mistress Doll.

Pist. Not I: I tell thee what, Corporal Bardolph, I could tear her: I 'll be revenged of her.

Page. Pray thee, go down. 158

Pist. I 'll see her damned first; to Pluto's damned lake, by this hand, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down, down, dogs! down, faitors! Have we not Hiren here?

Host. Good Captain Peesel, be quiet; 'tis very late, i' faith: I beseek you now, aggravate your choler.

Pist. These be good humours, indeed! Shall pack-horses
And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia,
Which cannot go but thirty mile a-day,
Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals,
And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with
King Cerberus; and let the welkin roar.
Shall we fall foul for toys?

Host. By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.

Pist. Die men like dogs! give crowns like pins! Have we not Hiren here?

Host. O' my word, captain, there's none such here. What the good-year! do you think I would deny her? For God's sake, be quiet.

Pist. Then feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis.
Come, give 's some sack.
Si fortuna me tormente, sperato me contento.
Fear we broadsides? no, let the fiend give fire:
Give me some sack: and, sweetheart, lie thou there. [*Laying down his sword.*

Come we to full points here ; and are etceteras nothing ?

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif : what ! we have seen the seven stars.

Dol. For God's sake, thrust him down stairs : I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

Pist. Thrust him down stairs ! know we not Galloway nags ?

Fal. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling : nay, an a' do nothing but speak nothing, a' shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down stairs.

Pist. What ! shall we have incision ? shall we imbrue ? [*Snatching up his sword.*

Then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days !

Why, then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds Untwine the Sisters Three ! Come, Atropos, I say !

Host. Here 's goodly stuff toward !

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.

Fal. Get you down stairs.

[*Drawing, and driving* Pistol *out.*

Host. Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping house, afore I'll be in these tirrits and frights. So; murder, I warrant now. Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons.

[*Exeunt* Pistol *and* Bardolph.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal's gone. Ah, you little valiant villain, you!

Host. Are you not hurt i' the groin? methought a' made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

Re-enter Bardolph

Fal. Have you turned him out o' doors?

Bard. Yea, sir. The rascal's drunk: you have hurt him, sir, i' the shoulder.

Fal. A rascal! to brave me!

Dol. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweatest! come, let me wipe thy face; come on, chops: ah, rogue! i' faith, I love thee: thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the Nine Worthies: ah, villain!

Fal. A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

Dol. Do, an thou darest for thy heart.

Enter Music

Page. The music is come, sir.

Fal. Let them play. Play, sirs. Sit on my knee, Doll. A rascal bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

Dol. I' faith, and thou followedst him like a church. Thou little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting and foining, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

Enter, behind, Prince Henry *and* Poins, *disguised*

Fal. Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's-head; do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrah, what humour 's the prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: a' would have made a good pantler, a' would ha' chipped bread well. 244

Dol. They say Poins has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit 's as thick as Tewksbury mustard; there 's no more conceit in him than is in a mallet.

Dol. Why does the prince love him so, then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness, and a' plays at quoits well, and eats conger and

fennel, and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons, and rides the wild-mare with the boys, and jumps upon joint-stools, and swears with a good grace, and wears his boots very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg, and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories; and such other gambol faculties a' has, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois. 262

Prince. Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

Poins. Let's beat him.

Prince. Look, whether the withered elder hath not his poll clawed like a parrot.

Fal. Kiss me, Doll.

Prince. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction! what says the almanac to that? 270

Poins. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not lisping to his master's old tables, his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering busses.

Dol. By my troth, I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt have a kirtle of? I shall receive money o' Thursday: shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come! it grows late. Thou 'lt forget me when I am gone.

Dol. By my troth, thou 'lt set me a-weeping, an thou sayest so: prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return. Well, hearken at the end.

Fal. Some sack, Francis.

Prince. } Anon, anon, sir. [*Coming forward.*
Poins. }

Fal. Ha! a bastard son of the king's? And art not thou Poins his brother?

Prince. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead!

Fal. A better than thou: I am a gentleman; thou art a drawer.

Prince. Very true, sir; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Host. O, the Lord preserve thy good grace! by my troth, welcome to London. Now, the Lord bless that sweet face of thine! O Jesu, are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou mad compound of majesty, by

this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome. [*Pointing to* Doll.

Dol. How, you fat fool! I scorn you.

Poins. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

Prince. You candle-mine, you, how vilely did you speak of me even now before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman!

Host. God's blessing of your good heart! and so she is, by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou hear me?

Prince. Yea, and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gadshill: you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no; not so: I did not think thou wast within hearing.

Prince. I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse; and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse, Hal, o' mine honour; no abuse.

Prince. Not to dispraise me, and call me pantler and bread-chipper and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse, Hal.

Poins. No abuse!

Fal. No abuse, Ned, i' the world; honest Ned, none. I dispraised him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him; in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal: none, Ned, none; no, faith, boys, none.

Prince. See now, whether pure fear and entire cowardice doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us? Is she of the wicked? Is thine hostess here of the wicked? Or is thy boy of the wicked? Or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

Poins. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

Fal. The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy, there is a good angel about him; but the devil outbids him too.

Prince. For the women?

Fal. For one of them, she is in hell already, and burns poor souls. For the other, I owe her money; and whether she be damned for that I know not.

Host. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not; I think thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law; for the which I think thou wilt howl.

Host. All victuallers do so: what's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

Prince. You, gentlewoman,—

Dol. What says your grace?

Fal. His grace says that which his flesh rebels against. [*Knocking within.*

Host. Who knocks so loud at door? Look to the door there, Francis.

Enter Peto

Prince. Peto, how now! what news?

Peto. The king your father is at Westminster;
And there are twenty weak and wearied posts
Come from the north: and, as I came along,
I met and overtook a dozen captains,
Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,
And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.

Prince. By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,
So idly to profane the precious time,

When tempest of commotion, like the south
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my sword and cloak. Falstaff, good-night. [*Exeunt* Prince Henry, Poins, Peto, *and* Bardolph.

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we must hence and leave it unpicked. [*Knocking within.*] More knocking at the door!

Re-enter Bardolph

How now! what's the matter?

Bard. You must away to court, sir, presently; A dozen captains stay at door for you.

Fal. [*To the* Page] Pay the musicians, sirrah. Farewell, hostess; farewell, Doll. You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after: the undeserver may sleep, when the man of action is called on. Farewell, good wenches: if I be not sent away post, I will see you again ere I go.

Dol. I cannot speak; if my heart be not ready to burst,—well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

Fal. Farewell, farewell. 399

[*Exeunt* Falstaff *and* Bardolph.

Host. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these twenty-nine years, come peascod-time; but an honester and truer-hearted man,—well, fare thee well.

Bard. [*Within*] Mistress Tearsheet!

Host. What 's the matter?

Bard. [*Within*] Bid Mistress Tearsheet come to my master.

Host. O, run, Doll, run; run, good Doll.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III SCENE I

Westminster. *A Room in the Palace*

Enter the King *in his nightgown, with a* Page

King. Go call the Earls of Surrey and of Warwick;
But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,
And well consider of them: make good speed.

[*Exit* Page.

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! O sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,

That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down
And steep my senses in forgetfulness ?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sound of sweetest melody ?
O thou dull god ! why liest thou with the vile
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch
A watch-case or a common 'larum-bell ?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads and hanging them
With deafening clamour in the slippery clouds,
That with the hurly death itself awakes ?
Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,
And in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king ? Then, happy low, lie down !
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter Warwick *and* Surrey

War. Many good morrows to your majesty!
King. Is it good morrow, lords?
War. 'Tis one o'clock, and past.
King. Why then, good morrow to you all, my lords.
Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?
War. We have, my liege.
King. Then you perceive the body of our kingdom
How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it.
War. It is but as a body yet distemper'd,
Which to his former strength may be restor'd
With good advice and little medicine:
My lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.
King. O God! that one might read the book of fate,
And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent,
Weary of solid firmness, melt itself
Into the sea! and, other times, to see
The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration

With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.
'Tis not ten years gone
Since Richard and Northumberland, great friends,
Did feast together, and in two years after
Were they at wars: it is but eight years since
This Percy was the man nearest my soul,
Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs
And laid his love and life under my foot,
Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by—
You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember—
[*To* Warwick.
When Richard, with his eye brimful of tears,
Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,
Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy?
Northumberland, thou ladder by the which
My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne;
Though then, God knows, I had no such intent,
But that necessity so bow'd the state
That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss:
The time shall come, thus did he follow it,
The time will come that foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption: so went on,

Foretelling this same time's condition
And the division of our amity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd ;
The which observ'd, a man may prophesy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life, which in their seeds
And weak beginnings lie intreasured.
Such things become the hatch and brood of time ;
And by the necessary form of this
King Richard might create a perfect guess
That great Northumberland, then false to him,
Would of that seed grow to a greater falseness ;
Which should not find a ground to root upon,
Unless on you.

King. Are these things then necessities ?
Then let us meet them like necessities :
And that same word even now cries out on us :
They say the bishop and Northumberland
Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be, my lord ;
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the fear'd. Please it your grace
To go to bed. Upon my soul, my lord,
The powers that you already have sent forth
Shall bring this prize in very easily.

To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
A certain instance that Glendower is dead.
Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill,
And these unseason'd hours perforce must add
Unto your sickness.

King. I will take your counsel:
And were these inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

Gloucestershire. *Court before* Justice Shallow's *house*

Enter Shallow *and* Silence, *meeting;* Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, Bullcalf, *and* Servants, *behind.*

Shal. Come on, come on, come on, sir; give me your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir: an early stirrer, by the rood! And how doth my good cousin Silence?

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bed-fellow? and your fairest daughter and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

Sil. Alas, a black ousel, cousin Shallow! 9

Shal. By yea and nay, sir, I dare say my cousin William is become a good scholar: he is at Oxford still, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, sir, to my cost.

Shal. A' must, then, to the inns o' court shortly. I was once of Clement's Inn, where I think they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were called *lusty Shallow* then, cousin.

Shal. By the mass, I was called any thing; and I would have done any thing indeed too, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Barnes, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele, a Cotswold man; you had not four such swinge-bucklers in all the inns o' court again: and I may say to you, we knew where the bona-robas were and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir John, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.

Sil. This Sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers?

Shal. The same Sir John, the very same. I see him break Skogan's head at the court-gate, when a' was a crack not thus high: and the very

same day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's Inn. Jesu, Jesu, the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead!

Sil. We shall all follow, cousin.

Shal. Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure: death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

Sil. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain. Is old Double of your town living yet?

Sil. Dead, sir.

Shal. Jesu, Jesu, dead! a' drew a good bow; and dead! a' shot a fine shoot: John a Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead! a' would have clapped i' the clout at twelve score; and carried you a forehand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see. How a score of ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead?

Sil. Here come two of Sir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

Enter Bardolph *and one with him*

Bard. Good morrow, honest gentlemen: I beseech you, which is Justice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor esquire of this county, and one of the king's justices of the peace: what is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My captain, sir, commends him to you; my captain, Sir John Falstaff: a tall gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well, sir. I knew him a good backsword man. How doth the good knight? may I ask how my lady his wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife.

Shal. It is well said, in faith, sir; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated! it is good; yea, indeed, is it: good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated! it comes of *accommodo*: very good; a good phrase.

Bard. Pardon me, sir; I have heard the word. Phrase call you it? by this good day, I know not the phrase; but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a soldier-like word, and a

word of exceeding good command, by heaven. Accommodated; that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or when a man is,—being,—whereby—a' may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.

Shal. It is very just.

Enter Falstaff

Look, here comes good Sir John. Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand. By my troth, you look well and bear your years very well: welcome, good Sir John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good Master Robert Shallow: Master Surecard, as I think?

Shal. No, Sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

Fal. Good Master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good worship is welcome.

Fal. Fie! this is hot weather, gentlemen. Have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

Shal. Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll?

where 's the roll ? Let me see, let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so, so, so, so : yea, marry, sir : Ralph Mouldy ! Let them appear as I call ; let them do so, let them do so. Let me see ; where is Mouldy ?

Moul. Here, an 't please you.

Shal. What think you, Sir John ? a good-limbed fellow ; young, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy ?

Moul. Yea, an 't please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert used.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha ! most excellent, i' faith ! things that are mouldy lack use : very singular good ! In faith, well said, Sir John, very well said.

Fal. Prick him.

Moul. I was pricked well enough before, an you could have let me alone : my old dame will be undone now for one to do her husbandry and her drudgery : you need not to have pricked me ; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to : peace, Mouldy ! you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent !

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace ! stand aside :

know you where you are? For the other, Sir John: let me see: Simon Shadow!

Fal. Yea, marry, let me have him to sit under: he's like to be a cold soldier.

Shal. Where's Shadow?

Shad. Here, sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou?

Shad. My mother's son, sir.

Fal. Thy mother's son! like enough, and thy father's shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the male: it is often so, indeed.

Shal. Do you like him, Sir John?

Fal. Shadow will serve for summer; prick him, for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.

Shal. Thomas Wart!

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea, sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him, Sir John?

Fal. It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! you can do it, sir; you

can do it: I commend you well. Francis Feeble!

Fee. Here, sir.

Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble?

Fee. A woman's tailor, sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir?

Fal. You may: but if he had been a man's tailor, he 'd ha' pricked you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat? 170

Fee. I will do my good will, sir: you can have no more.

Fal. Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove or most magnanimous mouse. Prick the woman's tailor: well, Master Shallow: deep, Master Shallow.

Fee. I would Wart might have gone, sir.

Fal. I would thou wert a man's tailor, that thou mightst mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier that is the leader of so many thousands: let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

Fee. It shall suffice, sir.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble. Who is next?

Shal. Peter Bullcalf o' the green!

Fal. Yea, marry, let's see Bullcalf.

Bull. Here, sir.

Fal. 'Fore God, a likely fellow! Come, prick me Bullcalf till he roar again.

Bull. O Lord! good my lord captain,—

Fal. What, dost thou roar before thou art pricked?

Bull. O Lord, sir! I am a diseased man.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bull. A cold, sir; a cough, sir, which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs upon his coronation day, sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown; we will have away thy cold; and I will take such order that thy friends shall ring for thee. Is here all?

Shal. Here is two more called than your number; you must have but four here, sir: and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, by my troth, Master Shallow.

Shal. O, Sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's field?

Fal. No more of that, good Master Shallow, no more of that.

Shal. Ha! 'twas a merry night. And is Jane Nightwork alive?

Fal. She lives, Master Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with me.

Fal. Never, never; she would always say she could not abide Master Shallow.

Shal. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. Doth she hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, Master Shallow.

Shal. Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old; certain she's old.

Sil. That's fifty five year ago.

Shal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen! Ha, Sir John, said I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow.

Shal. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, Sir John, we have: our watch-word was *Hem, boys!* Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner. Jesus, the days that we have seen! Come, come.

[*Exeunt* Falstaff *and the* Justices.

Bull. Good Master Corporate Bardolph, stand

my friend ; and here 's four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hanged, sir, as go : and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care ; but rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends ; else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

Bard. Go to ; stand aside.

Moul. And, good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend : she has nobody to do any thing about her, when I am gone ; and she is old, and cannot help herself : you shall have forty, sir.

Bard. Go to ; stand aside.

Fee. By my troth, I care not ; a man can die but once : we owe God a death : I 'll ne'er bear a base mind : an 't be my destiny, so ; an 't be not, so. No man 's too good to serve 's prince ; and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said ; thou 'rt a good fellow.

Fee. Faith, I 'll bear no base mind.

Re-enter Falstaff *and the* Justices.

Fal. Come, sir, which men shall I have ?

Shal. Four of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you: I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bullcalf.

Fal. Go to; well.

Shal. Come, Sir John, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you choose for me.

Shal. Marry, then, Mouldy, Bullcalf, Feeble, and Shadow. 269

Fal. Mouldy and Bullcalf: for you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service: and for your part, Bullcalf, grow till you come unto it: I will none of you.

Shal. Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself wrong: they are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best.

Fal. Will you tell me, Master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man! Give me the spirit, Master Shallow. Here's Wart; you see what a ragged appearance it is: a' shall charge you and discharge you with the motion of a pewterer's hammer, come off and on swifter than he that gibbets on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-faced fellow, Shadow; give me this man: he presents no mark to the enemy; the foeman may with

as great aim level at the edge of a penknife. And for a retreat; how swiftly will this Feeble the woman's tailor run off! O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold, Wart, traverse; thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So: very well: go to: very good, exceeding good. O, give me always a little, lean, old, chopp'd, bald shot. Well said, i' faith, Wart; thou 'rt a good scab: hold, there 's a tester for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft's master; he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end Green, when I lay at Clement's Inn,—I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show,—there was a little quiver fellow, and a' would manage you his piece thus; and a' would about and about, and come you in and come you in: *rah, tah, tah,* would a' say; *bounce* would a' say; and away again would a' go, and again would a' come: I shall ne'er see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well, Master Shallow. God keep you, Master Silence: I will not use many words with you. Fare you well, gentlemen both: I thank you: I must a dozen mile to-night. Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

Shal. Sir John, the Lord bless you! God prosper your affairs! God send us peace! At your return visit our house; let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure I will with ye to the court.

Fal. 'Fore God, I would you would, Master Shallow.

Shal. Go to; I have spoke at a word. God keep you.

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. [*Exeunt* Justices.] On, Bardolph; lead the men away. [*Exeunt* Bardolph, Recruits, *etc.*] As I return, I will fetch off these justices: I do see the bottom of Justice Shallow. Lord, Lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull Street; and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's Inn like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when a' was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife: a' was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invincible: a' was the very

genius of famine; a' came ever in the rearward of the fashion, and sung those tunes to the huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were his fancies or his good-nights. And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire, and talks as familiarly of John a Gaunt as if he had been sworn brother to him; and I 'll be sworn a' never saw him but once in the Tilt-yard; and then he burst his head for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it, and told John a Gaunt he beat his own name; for you might have thrust him and all his apparel into an eel-skin; the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court: and now has he land and beefs. Well, I 'll be acquainted with him, if I return; and it shall go hard but I will make him a philosopher's two stones to me. If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason in the law of nature but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end.

[*Exit.*

ACT IV SCENE I

A Forest in Yorkshire

Enter the Archbishop of York, Mowbray, Hastings, *and others*

Arch. What is this forest call'd ?
Hast. 'Tis Gaultree Forest, an 't shall please your grace.
Arch. Here stand, my lords ; and send discoverers forth
To know the numbers of our enemies.
Hast. We have sent forth already.
Arch. 'Tis well done.
My friends and brethren in these great affairs,
I must acquaint you that I have receiv'd
New-dated letters from Northumberland ;
Their cold intent, tenour and substance, thus :
Here doth he wish his person, with such powers
As might hold sortance with his quality,
The which he could not levy ; whereupon
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland : and concludes in hearty prayers
That your attempts may overlive the hazard
And fearful meeting of their opposite.

Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in him
touch ground
And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger

Hast. Now, what news ?

Mess. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy ;
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their
number
Upon or near the rate of thirty thousand.

Mowb. The just proportion that we gave
them out.
Let us sway on and face them in the field.

Arch. What well-appointed leader fronts us
here ?

Enter Westmoreland

Mowb. I think it is my Lord of Westmore-
land.

West. Health and fair greeting from our
general,
The prince, Lord John and Duke of Lancaster.

Arch. Say on, my Lord of Westmoreland, in
peace :
What doth concern your coming ?

West. Then, my lord,

Unto your grace do I in chief address
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rags,
And countenanc'd by boys and beggary,—
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,
In his true, native, and most proper shape,
You, reverend father, and these noble lords
Had not been here, to dress the ugly form
Of base and bloody insurrection
With your fair honours. You, lord archbishop,
Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd,
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd,
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd,
Whose white investments figure innocence,
The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself
Out of the speech of peace that bears such grace
Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of war ;
Turning your books to graves, your ink to blood,
Your pens to lances and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet and a point of war ?

Arch. Wherefore do I this ? so the question stands.

Briefly to this end : we are all diseas'd,
And with our surfeiting and wanton hours
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
And we must bleed for it ; of which disease
Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.
But, my most noble Lord of Westmoreland,
I take not on me here as a physician,
Nor do I as an enemy to peace
Troop in the throngs of military men ;
But rather show awhile like fearful war,
To diet rank minds sick of happiness
And purge the obstructions which begin to stop
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
We see which way the stream of time doth run,
And are enforc'd from our most quiet there
By the rough torrent of occasion ;
And have the summary of all our griefs,
When time shall serve, to show in articles,
Which long ere this we offer'd to the king,
And might by no suit gain our audience :
When we are wrong'd and would unfold our griefs,

We are denied access unto his person
Even by those men that most have done us wrong.
The dangers of the days but newly gone,—
Whose memory is written on the earth
With yet appearing blood,—and the examples
Of every minute's instance, present now,
Hath put us in these ill-beseeming arms,
Not to break peace or any branch of it,
But to establish here a peace indeed,
Concurring both in name and quality.
West. When ever yet was your appeal denied?
Wherein have you been galled by the king? 89
What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you,
That you should seal this lawless bloody book
Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine,
And consecrate commotion's bitter edge?
Arch. My brother general, the commonwealth,
To brother born an household cruelty,
I make my quarrel in particular.
West. There is no need of any such redress;
Or if there were, it not belongs to you.
Mowb. Why not to him in part, and to us all
That feel the bruises of the days before, 100
And suffer the condition of these times
To lay a heavy and unequal hand

Upon our honours ?

West. O, my good Lord Mowbray,
Construe the times to their necessities,
And you shall say indeed, it is the time,
And not the king, that doth you injuries.
Yet for your part, it not appears to me
Either from the king or in the present time
That you should have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on : were you not restor'd
To all the Duke of Norfolk's signories,
Your noble and right well remember'd father's ?

Mowb. What thing, in honour, had my father lost,
That need to be reviv'd and breath'd in me ?
The king that lov'd him, as the state stood then,
Was force perforce compell'd to banish him :
And then that Henry Bolingbroke and he,
Being mounted and both roused in their seats,
Their neighing coursers daring of the spur,
Their armed staves in charge, their beavers down,
Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of steel
And the loud trumpet blowing them together,
Then, then, when there was nothing could have stay'd
My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,

O ! when the king did throw his warder down,
His own life hung upon the staff he threw ;
Then threw he down himself and all their lives
That by indictment and by dint of sword
Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

West. You speak, Lord Mowbray, now you know not what.

The Earl of Hereford was reputed then
In England the most valiant gentleman :
Who knows on whom fortune would then have smil'd ?
But if your father had been victor there,
He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry :
For all the country in a general voice
Cried hate upon him ; and all their prayers and love
Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on
And bless'd and grac'd indeed, more than the king.
But this is mere digression from my purpose.
Here come I from our princely general
To know your griefs ; to tell you from his grace
That he will give you audience ; and wherein
It shall appear that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them, every thing set off
That might so much as think you enemies.

Mowb. But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer;
And it proceeds from policy, not love.
West. Mowbray, you overween to take it so;
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear:
For, lo! within a ken our army lies,
Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best;
Then reason will our hearts should be as good:
Say you not then our offer is compell'd.
Mowb. Well, by my will we shall admit no parley.
West. That argues but the shame of your offence:
A rotten case abides no handling.
Hast. Hath the Prince John a full commission,
In very ample virtue of his father,
To hear and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand upon?
West. That is intended in the general's name
I muse you make so slight a question.

Arch. Then take, my Lord of Westmoreland, this schedule,
For this contains our general grievances :
Each several article herein redress'd ;
All members of our cause, both here and hence,
That are insinew'd to this action,
Acquitted by a true substantial form
And present execution of our wills
To us and to our purposes confined,
We come within our awful banks again
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.
West. This will I show the general. Please you, lords,
In sight of both our battles we may meet ;
And either end in peace, which God so frame !
Or to the place of difference call the swords
Which must decide it.
Arch. My lord, we will do so. [*Exit* West.
Mowb. There is a thing within my bosom tells me
That no conditions of our peace can stand.
Hast. Fear you not that : if we can make our peace
Upon such large terms and so absolute
As our conditions shall consist upon,

Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

Mowb. Yea, but our valuation shall be such
That every slight and false-derived cause,
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason
Shall to the king taste of this action;
That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love,
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff
And good from bad find no partition.

Arch. No, no, my lord. Note this; the king is weary
Of dainty and such picking grievances:
For he hath found to end one doubt by death
Revives two greater in the heirs of life;
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean,
And keep no tell-tale to his memory
That may repeat and history his loss
To new remembrance; for full well he knows
He cannot so precisely weed this land
As his misdoubts present occasion:
His foes are so enrooted with his friends
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfasten so and shake a friend:
So that this land, like an offensive wife
That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes,

As he is striking, holds his infant up
And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution.

Hast. Besides, the king hath wasted all his rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very instruments of chastisement:
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
May offer, but not hold.

Arch. 'Tis very true:
And therefore be assur'd, my good lord marshal,
If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.

Mowb. Be it so.
Here is return'd my Lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter Westmoreland

West. The prince is here at hand: pleaseth your lordship
To meet his grace just distance 'tween our armies?

Mowb. Your grace of York, in God's name, then, set forward.

Arch. Before, and greet his grace: my lord, we come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

Another Part of the Forest

Enter, from one side, Mowbray, *attended; afterwards the* Archbishop, Hastings, *and others: from the other side,* Prince John of Lancaster, *and* Westmoreland; Officers, *and others with them.*

Lan. You are well encounter'd here, my cousin Mowbray:
Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop;
And so to you, Lord Hastings, and to all.
My Lord of York, it better show'd with you
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
Encircled you to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text
Than now to see you here an iron man,
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to sword and life to death.
That man that sits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,
Alack, what mischiefs might be set abroach
In shadow of such greatness! With you, lord bishop,
It is even so. Who hath not heard it spoken

How deep you were within the books of God ?
To us the speaker in his parliament ;
To us the imagin'd voice of God himself ;
The very opener and intelligencer
Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven,
And our dull workings. O, who shall believe
But you misuse the reverence of your place,
Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,
As a false favourite doth his prince's name,
In deeds dishonourable ? You have ta'en up,
Under the counterfeited zeal of God,
The subjects of his substitute, my father,
And both against the peace of heaven and him
Have here up-swarm'd them.

Arch. Good my Lord of Lancaster,
I am not here against your father's peace ;
But, as I told my Lord of Westmoreland,
The time misorder'd doth, in common sense,
Crowd us and crush us to this monstrous form,
To hold our safety up. I sent your grace
The parcels and particulars of our grief,
The which hath been with scorn shov'd from the court,
Whereon this Hydra son of war is born ;
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep

With grant of our most just and right desires,
And true obedience, of this madness cur'd,
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.
Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the last man.
Hast. And though we here fall down,
We have supplies to second our attempt:
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them;
And so success of mischief shall be born
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up
Whiles England shall have generation.
Lan. You are too shallow, Hastings, much too shallow,
To sound the bottom of the after-times.
West. Pleaseth your grace to answer them directly
How far forth you do like their articles.
Lan. I like them all, and do allow them well,
And swear here, by the honour of my blood,
My father's purposes have been mistook,
And some about him have too lavishly
Wrested his meaning and authority.
My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd:
Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please you,

Discharge your powers unto their several counties,
As we will ours: and here between the armies
Let's drink together friendly and embrace,
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home
Of our restored love and amity.

Arch. I take your princely word for these redresses.

Lan. I give it you, and will maintain my word:
And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

Hast. Go, captain, and deliver to the army
This news of peace: let them have pay, and part:
I know it will well please them. Hie thee, captain. [*Exit* Officer.

Arch. To you, my noble Lord of Westmoreland.

West. I pledge your grace; and, if you knew what pains
I have bestow'd to breed this present peace,
You would drink freely; but my love to ye
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

Arch. I do not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it.
Health to my lord and gentle cousin, Mowbray.

Mowb. You wish me health in very happy season ;
For I am, on the sudden, something ill.
Arch. Against ill chances men are ever merry ;
But heaviness foreruns the good event.
West. Therefore be merry, coz ; since sudden sorrow
Serves to say thus, *some good thing comes to-morrow.*
Arch. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.
Mowb. So much the worse, if your own rule be true. [*Shouts within.*
Lan. The word of peace is render'd : hark, how they shout !
Mowb. This had been cheerful after victory.
Arch. A peace is of the nature of a conquest ;
For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loser.
Lan. Go, my lord,
And let our army be discharged too.
[*Exit* Westmoreland.
And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains
March by us, that we may peruse the men
We should have cop'd withal.
Arch. Go, good Lord Hastings,

And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.
[*Exit* Hastings.

Lan. I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night together.

Re-enter Westmoreland

Now cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

West. The leaders, having charge from you to stand,
Will not go off until they hear you speak.

Lan. They know their duties.

Re-enter Hastings

Hast. My lord, our army is dispers'd already:
Like youthful steers unyok'd, they take their courses
East, west, north, south; or, like a school broke up,
Each hurries toward his home and sporting-place.

West. Good tidings, my Lord Hastings; for the which
I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason:
And you, lord archbishop, and you, Lord Mowbray,
Of capital treason I attach you both.

Mowb. Is this proceeding just and honourable?

West. Is your assembly so?
Arch. Will you thus break your faith?
Lan. I pawn'd thee none:
I promis'd you redress of these same grievances
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honour,
I will perform with a most Christian care.
But for you, rebels, look to taste the due
Meet for rebellion and such acts as yours.
Most shallowly did you these arms commence,
Fondly brought here and foolishly sent hence.
Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray:
God, and not we, hath safely fought to-day.
Some guard these traitors to the block of death,
Treason's true bed and yielder up of breath.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

Another Part of the Forest

Alarum. Excursions. Enter Falstaff *and* Colevile, *meeting*

Fal. What 's your name, sir? of what condition are you, and of what place, I pray?
Cole. I am a knight, sir; and my name is Colevile of the dale.

Fal. Well, then, Colevile is your name, a knight is your degree, and your place the dale: Colevile shall still be your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place, a place deep enough; so shall you be still Colevile of the dale.

Cole. Are not you Sir John Falstaff?

Fal. As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, sir? or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death: therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

Cole. I think you are Sir John Falstaff, and in that thought yield me.

Fal. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe: my womb, my womb, my womb undoes me. Here comes our general.

Enter Prince John of Lancaster, Westmoreland, Blunt, *and others*

Lan. The heat is past; follow no further now:
Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.
[*Exit* Westmoreland.

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this
while ?
When everything is ended, then you come :
These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,
One time or other break some gallows' back.

Fal. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus : I never knew yet but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet ? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought ? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility ; I have foundered nine score and odd posts : and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken Sir John Colevile of the dale, a most furious knight and valorous enemy. But what of that ? he saw me, and yielded ; that I may justly say, with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome, *I came, saw, and overcame.*

Lan. It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

Fal. I know not : here he is, and here I yield him : and I beseech your grace, let it be booked with the rest of this day's deeds ; or, by the Lord, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top on 't, Colevile

kissing my foot. To the which course if I be enforced, if you do not all show like gilt twopences to me, and I in the clear sky of fame o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which show like pins' heads to her, believe not the word of the noble. Therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

Lan. Thine 's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine, then.

Lan. Thine 's too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

Lan. Is thy name Colevile ?

Cole. It is, my lord.

Lan. A famous rebel art thou, Colevile.

Fal. And a famous true subject took him.

Cole. I am, my lord, but as my betters are
That led me hither : had they been rul'd by me,
You should have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves : but thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away gratis ; and I thank thee for thee.

Re-enter Westmoreland

Lan. Now, have you left pursuit ?

West. Retreat is made and execution stay'd.
Lan. Send Colevile with his confederates
To York, to present execution :
Blunt, lead him hence ; and see you guard him sure.
[*Exeunt* Blunt *and others with* Colevile.
And now dispatch we toward the court, my lords :
I hear the king my father is sore sick :
Our news shall go before us to his majesty,
Which, cousin, you shall bear to comfort him,
And we with sober speed will follow you.
Fal. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go
Through Gloucestershire : and, when you come to court,
Stand my good lord, pray, in your good report.
Lan. Fare you well, Falstaff : I, in my condition,
Shall better speak of you than you deserve.
[*Exeunt all but* Falstaff.
Fal. I would you had but the wit : 'twere better than your dukedom. Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me ; nor a man cannot make him laugh ; but that 's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There 's

never none of these demure boys come to any proof; for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of green-sickness; they are generally fools and cowards; which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish and dull and crudy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble fiery and delectable shapes; which, delivered o'er to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is, the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice; but the sherris warms it and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme: it illumineth the face, which as a beacon gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm; and then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits muster me all to their captain, the heart, who, great and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of sherris. So that skill

in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work; and learning a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil, till sack commences it and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it that Prince Harry is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, sterile and bare land, manured, husbanded and tilled with excellent endeavour of drinking good and good store of fertile sherris, that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them should be, to forswear thin potations and to addict themselves to sack. 131

Enter Bardolph

How now, Bardolph?

Bard. The army is discharged all and gone.

Fal. Let them go. I 'll through Gloucestershire; and there will I visit Master Robert Shallow, esquire: I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV

Westminster. *The Jerusalem Chamber*

Enter the King, *the* Princes Thomas of Clarence *and* Humphrey of Gloucester, Warwick, *and others.*

King. Now, lords, if God doth give successful end
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields
And draw no swords but what are sanctified.
Our navy is address'd, our power collected,
Our substitutes in absence well invested,
And every thing lies level to our wish :
Only, we want a little personal strength ;
And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,
Come underneath the yoke of government.
War. Both which we doubt not but your majesty
Shall soon enjoy.
King. Humphrey, my son of Gloucester,
Where is the prince your brother ?
Glou. I think he 's gone to hunt, my lord, at Windsor.

King. And how accompanied ?
Glou. I do not know, my lord.
King. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him ?
Glou. No, my good lord ; he is in presence here.
Clar. What would my lord and father ?
King. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.
How chance thou art not with the prince thy brother ?
He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas ;
Thou hast a better place in his affection
Than all thy brothers : cherish it, my boy,
And noble offices thou mayst effect
Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between his greatness and thy other brethren :
Therefore omit him not ; blunt not his love,
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace
By seeming cold or careless of his will ;
For he is gracious, if he be observ'd :
He hath a tear for pity and a hand
Open as day for melting charity :
Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he 's flint,
As humorous as winter, and as sudden

As flaws congealed in the spring of day.
His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd:
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth;
But, being moody, give him line and scope,
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themselves with working. Learn this, Thomas,
And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends,
A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,
That the united vessel of their blood,
Mingled with venom of suggestion—
As, force perforce, the age will pour it in—
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
As aconitum or rash gunpowder.

Clar. I shall observe him with all care and love.

King. Why art thou not at Windsor with him, Thomas?

Clar. He is not there to-day; he dines in London.

King. And how accompanied? canst thou tell that?

Clar. With Poins, and other his continual followers.

King. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds;
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is overspread with them: therefore my grief
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death:
The blood weeps from my heart when I do shape
In forms imaginary the unguided days
And rotten times that you shall look upon
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.
For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
When means and lavish manners meet together,
O, with what wings shall his affections fly
Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay!
War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite:
The prince but studies his companions
Like a strange tongue, wherein, to gain the language,
'Tis needful that the most immodest word
Be look'd upon and learn'd; which once attain'd,
Your highness knows, comes to no further use
But to be known and hated. So, like gross terms,

The prince will in the perfectness of time
Cast off his followers; and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
By which his grace must mete the lives of others,
Turning past evils to advantages.

King. 'Tis seldom when the bee doth leave her comb
In the dead carrion.

Enter Westmoreland

Who's here? Westmoreland!

West. Health to my sovereign, and new happiness
Added to that that I am to deliver!
Prince John your son doth kiss your grace's hand:
Mowbray, the Bishop Scroop, Hastings and all
Are brought to the correction of your law;
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,
But Peace puts forth her olive everywhere.
The manner how this action hath been borne
Here at more leisure may your highness read,
With every course in his particular.

King. O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,
Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting up of day.

Enter Harcourt

Look, here 's more news.

Har. From enemies heaven keep your majesty;
And, when they stand against you, may they fall
As those that I am come to tell you of!
The Earl Northumberland, and the Lord Bardolph,
With a great power of English and of Scots,
Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown:
The manner and true order of the fight
This packet, please it you, contains at large.

King. And wherefore should these good news make me sick?
Will Fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach and no food;
Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast
And takes away the stomach; such are the rich,
That have abundance and enjoy it not.
I should rejoice now at this happy news;
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy:
O me! come near me; now I am much ill.

Glou. Comfort, your majesty!
Clar. O my royal father!
West. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself, look up.
War. Be patient, princes; you do know, these fits
Are with his highness very ordinary.
Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight be well.
Clar. No, no, he cannot long hold out these pangs:
The incessant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure that should confine it in
So thin that life looks through and will break out.
Glou. The people fear me; for they do observe
Unfather'd heirs and loathly births of nature:
The seasons change their manners, as the year
Had found some months asleep and leap'd them over.
Clar. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between;
And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,
Say it did so a little time before
That our great-grandsire, Edward, sick'd and died.

War. Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.

Glou. This apoplexy will certain be his end.

King. I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence
Into some other chamber: softly, pray.

SCENE V

Another chamber

The King *lying on a bed:* Clarence, Gloucester, Warwick, *and others in attendance*

King. Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;
Unless some dull and favourable hand
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

War. Call for the music in the other room.

King. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

Clar. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

War. Less noise, less noise!

Enter Prince Henry

Prince. Who saw the Duke of Clarence?
Clar. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.
Prince. How now! rain within doors, and none abroad!
How doth the king?
Glou. Exceeding ill.
Prince. Heard he the good news yet?
Tell it him.
Glou. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.
Prince. If he be sick with joy, he will recover without physic.
War. Not so much noise, my lords. Sweet prince, speak low;
The king your father is dispos'd to sleep.
Clar. Let us withdraw into the other room.
War. Will 't please your grace to go along with us?
Prince. No; I will sit and watch here by the king. [*Exeunt all but the* Prince.
Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?
O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night! sleep with it now!

Yet not so sound and half so deeply sweet
As he whose brow with homely biggin bound
Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath
There lies a downy feather which stirs not:
Did he suspire, that light and weightless down
Perforce must move. My gracious lord! my father!
This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep
That from this golden rigol hath divorc'd
So many English kings. Thy due from me
Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood,
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously:
My due from thee is this imperial crown,
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits,
[*Putting it on his head.*
Which God shall guard: and put the world's whole strength
Into one giant arm, it shall not force
This lineal honour from me: this from thee
Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. [*Exit.*

King. Warwick! Gloucester! Clarence!

Re-enter Warwick, Gloucester, Clarence, *and the rest*

Clar. Doth the king call?

War. What would your majesty? How fares your grace?

King. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

Clar. We left the prince my brother here, my liege,
Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

King. The Prince of Wales! Where is he? let me see him:
He is not here.

War. This door is open; he is gone this way.

Glou. He came not through the chamber where we stay'd.

King. Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

King. The prince hath ta'en it hence: go, seek him out.
Is he so hasty that he doth suppose
My sleep my death?

Find him, my Lord of Warwick; chide him hither. [*Exit* Warwick.
This part of his conjoins with my disease,
And helps to end me. See, sons, what things you are!
How quickly nature falls into revolt
When gold becomes her object!
For this the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains with care,
Their bones with industry;
For this they have engrossed and pil'd up
The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold;
For this they have been thoughtful to invest
Their sons with arts and martial exercises:
When, like the bee, culling from every flower
The virtuous sweets,
Our thighs packed with wax, our mouths with honey,
We bring it to the hive, and, like the bees,
Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste
Yield his engrossments to the ending father.

Re-enter Warwick

Now, where is he that will not stay so long
Till his friend sickness hath determin'd me?

War. My lord, I found the prince in the next room,
Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks,
With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow
That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,
Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

King. But wherefore did he take away the crown ?

Re-enter Prince Henry

Lo, where he comes. Come hither to me, Harry.
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt* Warwick *and the rest.*

Prince. I never thought to hear you speak again.

King. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought :
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Dost thou so hunger for mine empty chair
That thou wilt needs invest thee with my honours
Before thy hour be ripe ? O foolish youth !
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little ; for my cloud of dignity

Is held from falling with so weak a wind
That it will quickly drop : my day is dim.
Thou hast stol'n that which after some few hours
Were thine without offence ; and at my death
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation :
Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.
Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life.
What ! canst thou not forbear me half an hour ?
Then get thee gone and dig my grave thyself,
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head :
Only compound me with forgotten dust ;
Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees ;
For now a time is come to mock at form :
Harry the Fifth is crown'd : up, vanity !
Down, royal state ! all you sage counsellors, hence !
And to the English court assemble now,
From every region, apes of idleness !

Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum :
Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,
Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways ?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more ;
England shall double gild his treble guilt,
England shall give him office, honour, might ;
For the fifth Harry from curb'd license plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth on every innocent.
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows !
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care ?
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants !

Prince. O, pardon me, my liege ! but for my tears,
The moist impediments unto my speech,
I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke
Ere you with grief had spoke and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown ;
And He that wears the crown immortally
Long guard it yours ! If I affect it more
Than as your honour and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise,

Which my most inward true and duteous spirit
Teacheth, this prostrate and exterior bending.
God witness with me, when I here came in,
And found no course of breath within your majesty,
How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,
O, let me in my present wildness die
And never live to show the incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposed!
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,
I spake unto this crown as having sense,
And thus upbraided it: *The care on thee depending*
Hath fed upon the body of my father;
Therefore, thou best of gold art worst of gold:
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
Preserving life in medicine potable;
But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,
Hast eat thy bearer up. Thus, my most royal liege,
Accusing it, I put it on my head,
To try with it, as with an enemy
That had before my face murder'd my father,
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,

Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did with the least affection of a welcome
Give entertainment to the might of it,
Let God for ever keep it from my head,
And make me as the poorest vassal is
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!
King. O my son,
God put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou mightst win the more thy father's
love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it!
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. God knows, my son,
By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways
I met this crown; and I myself know well
How troublesome it sat upon my head.
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation;
For all the soil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me
But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand,
And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances;
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,

Wounding supposed peace. All these bold fears
Thou see'st with peril I have answered;
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument: and now my death
Changes the mode; for what in me was purchas'd,
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;
So thou the garland wear'st successively.
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;
And all my friends, which thou must make thy friends,
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;
By whose fell working I was first advanc'd
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
To be again displac'd: which to avoid,
I cut them off; and had a purpose now
To lead out many to the Holy Land,
Lest rest and lying still might make them look
Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,
May waste the memory of the former days.

More would I, but my lungs are wasted so
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
How I came by the crown, O God forgive ;
And grant it may with thee in true peace live !
Prince. My gracious liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me ;
Then plain and right must my possession be :
Which I with more than with a common pain
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter Lord John of Lancaster

King. Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster.
Lan. Health, peace, and happiness to my royal father !
King. Thou bring'st me happiness and peace, son John ;
But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare wither'd trunk : upon thy sight
My worldly business makes a period.
Where is my Lord of Warwick ?
Prince. My Lord of Warwick !

Re-enter Warwick, *and others*

King. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon ?

War. 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.
King. Laud be to God! even there my life must end.
It hath been prophesied to me many years,
I should not die but in Jerusalem;
Which vainly I suppos'd the Holy Land:
But bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie;
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V SCENE I

Gloucestershire. *A Hall in* Shallow's *house*

Enter Shallow, Falstaff, Bardolph, *and* Page

Shal. By cock and pie, sir, you shall not away to-night. What, Davy, I say!
Fal. You must excuse me, Master Robert Shallow.
Shal. I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused. Why, Davy!

Enter Davy

Davy. Here, sir.
Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy, Davy, let me see,

Davy; let me see, Davy; let me see: yea, marry, William cook, bid him come hither. Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Marry, sir, thus; those precepts cannot be served: and, again, sir, shall we sow the headland with wheat?

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook: are there no young pigeons?

Davy. Yes, sir. Here is now the smith's note for shoeing and plough-irons.

Shal. Let it be cast and paid. Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had: and, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair?

Shal. A' shall answer it. Some pigeons, Davy, a couple of short-legged hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?

Shal. Yea, Davy. I will use him well: a friend i' the court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men well, Davy; for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

Davy. No worse than they are backbitten, sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceited, Davy: about thy business, Davy.

Davy. I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Woncot against Clement Perkes of the hill.

Shal. There is many complaints, Davy, against that Visor: that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your worship that he is a knave, sir; but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have served your worship truly, sir, this eight years: and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanced.

Shal. Go to; I say he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. [*Exit* Davy.] Where are you, Sir John? Come, come, come, off with your boots. Give me your hand, Master Bardolph.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind Master Bardolph: and welcome, my tall fellow [*to the* Page]. Come, Sir John.

Fal. I'll follow you, good Master Robert Shallow. [*Exit* Shallow.] Bardolph, look to our horses. [*Exeunt* Bardolph *and* Page.] If I were sawed into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermits' staves as Master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his: they, by observing of him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like serving-man: their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society that they flock together in consent, like so many wild-geese. If I had a suit to Master Shallow, I would humour his men with the imputation of being near their master: if to his men, I would curry with Master Shallow that no man could better command his servants. It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow to

keep Prince Harry in continual laughter the wearing out of six fashions,—which is four terms, or two actions,—and a' shall laugh without *intervallums.* O, it is much that a lie with a slight oath and a jest with a sad brow will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up! 96

Shal. [*Within*] Sir John!

Fal. I come, Master Shallow; I come, Master Shallow. [*Exit.*

SCENE II

Westminster. *A Room in the Palace*

Enter Warwick *and the* Lord Chief Justice

War. How now, my lord chief justice! whither away?

Ch. Just. How doth the king?

War. Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.

Ch. Just. I hope not dead.

War. He's walk'd the way of nature;
And to our purposes he lives no more.

Ch. Just. I would his majesty had call'd me
with him :
The service that I truly did his life
Hath left me open to all injuries.
War. Indeed I think the young king loves
you not.
Ch. Just. I know he doth not, and do arm
myself
To welcome the condition of the time,
Which cannot look more hideously upon me
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

Enter Lancaster, Clarence, Gloucester,
Westmoreland, *and others*

War. Here come the heavy issue of dead
Harry :
O that the living Harry had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen !
How many nobles then should hold their places,
That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort !
Ch. Just. O God, I fear all will be overturn'd !
Lan. Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good
morrow.
Glou. } Good morrow, cousin.
Clar. }

Lan. We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

War. We do remember; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

Lan. Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy!

Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!

Glou. O, good my lord, you have lost a friend indeed;
And I dare swear you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow, it is sure your own.

Lan. Though no man be assur'd what grace to find,
You stand in coldest expectation:
I am the sorrier; would 'twere otherwise.

Clar. Well, you must now speak Sir John Falstaff fair;
Which swims against your stream of quality.

Ch. Just. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honour,
Led by the impartial conduct of my soul;
And never shall you see that I will beg
A ragged and forestall'd remission.
If truth and upright innocency fail me,
I 'll to the king my master that is dead,

And tell him who hath sent me after him.
War. Here comes the prince.

Enter King Henry the Fifth, *attended*

Ch. Just. Good morrow; and God save your majesty!
King. This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,
Sits not so easy on me as you think.
Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear:
This is the English, not the Turkish court;
Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,
But Harry Harry. Yet be sad, good brothers,
For, by my faith, it very well becomes you;
Sorrow so royally in you appears
That I will deeply put the fashion on
And wear it in my heart. Why then, be sad;
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
Than a joint burden laid upon us all.
For me, by heaven, I bid you be assur'd,
I 'll be your father and your brother too;
Let me but bear your love, I 'll bear your cares:
Yet weep that Harry 's dead, and so will I;
But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears
By number into hours of happiness.
Princes. We hope no other from your majesty.

King. You all look strangely on me: and you most;
You are, I think, assur'd I love you not.
Ch. Just. I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,
Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.
King. No!
How might a prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me?
What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
The immediate heir of England! Was this easy?
May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?
Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your father;
The image of his power lay then in me:
And, in the administration of his law,
Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,
Your highness pleased to forget my place,
The majesty and power of law and justice,
The image of the king whom I presented,
And struck me in my very seat of judgement;
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,

To have a son set your decrees at nought,
To pluck down justice from your awful bench,
To trip the course of law and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your person;
Nay, more, to spurn at your most royal image
And mock your workings in a second body.
Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours;
Be now the father and propose a son,
Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd;
And then imagine me taking your part
And in your power soft silencing your son:
After this cold considerance, sentence me;
And, as you are a king, speak in your state
What I have done that misbecame my place,
My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

King. You are right, justice, and you weigh this well;
Therefore still bear the balance and the sword:
And I do wish your honours may increase,
Till you do live to see a son of mine
Offend you and obey you, as I did.
So shall I live to speak my father's words:

Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
That dares do justice on my proper son;
And not less happy, having such a son,
That would deliver up his greatness so
Into the hands of justice. You did commit me:
For which, I do commit into your hand
The unstained sword that you have us'd to bear;
With this remembrance, that you use the same
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand.
You shall be as a father to my youth:
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear,
And I will stoop and humble my intents
To your well-practis'd wise directions.
And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you;
My father is gone wild into his grave,
For in his tomb lie my affections;
And with his spirit sadly I survive,
To mock the expectation of the world,
To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now:
Now doth it turn and ebb back to the sea,

Where it shall mingle with the state of floods
And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
Now call we our high court of parliament :
And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,
That the great body of our state may go
In equal rank with the best govern'd nation ;
That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us ;
In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.
Our coronation done, we will accite,
As I before remember'd, all our state :
And, God consigning to my good intents,
No prince nor peer shall have just cause to say,
God shorten Harry's happy life one day !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

Gloucestershire. Shallow's *Orchard*

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Silence, Davy, Bardolph, *and the* Page

Shal. Nay, you shall see my orchard, where, in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own graffing, with a dish of caraways, and so forth : come, cousin Silence : and then to bed.

Fal. 'Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, Sir John: marry, good air. Spread, Davy; spread, Davy: well said, Davy.

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses; he is your serving-man and your husband.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir John: by the mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper: a good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down: come, cousin.

Sil. Ah, sirrah! quoth-a, we shall
Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer, [Singing.
And praise God for the merry year;
When lusty lads roam here and there
So merrily,
And ever among so merrily.

Fal. There's a merry heart! Good Master Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give Master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

Davy. Sweet sir, sit; I'll be with you anon; most sweet sir, sit. Master page, good master page, sit. Proface! What you want in meat, we'll have in drink: but you must bear; the heart's all. [*Exit.*

Shal. Be merry, Master Bardolph; and, my little soldier there, be merry.

Sil. *Be merry, be merry, my wife has all;* [Singing.

For women are shrews, both short and tall:
'Tis merry in hall when beards wag all,
And welcome merry Shrove-tide.
Be merry, be merry.

Fal. I did not think Master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

Sil. Who, I? I have been merry twice and once ere now.

Re-enter Davy

Davy. There's a dish of leather-coats for you. [*To* Bardolph.

Shal. Davy!

Davy. Your worship! I'll be with you straight [*to* Bardolph]. A cup of wine, sir?

Sil. *A cup of wine that's brisk and fine,* [Singing.

And drink unto the leman mine;
And a merry heart lives long-a.

Fal. Well said, Master Silence.

Sil. An we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet o' the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, Master Silence.

Sil. *Fill the cup, and let it come ;* [Singing.
I 'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honest Bardolph, welcome : if thou wantest any thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart. Welcome, my little tiny thief [*to the* Page], and welcome indeed too, I 'll drink to Master Bardolph, and to all the cavaleros about London.

Davy. I hope to see London once ere I die.

Bard. An I might see you there, Davy,—

Shal. By the mass, you 'll crack a quart together, ha ! will you not, Master Bardolph ?

Bard. Yea, sir, in a pottle-pot. 69

Shal. By God's liggens, I thank thee : the knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that. A' will not out ; he is true bred.

Bard. And I 'll stick by him, sir.

Shal. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing : be merry. [*Knocking within.*] Look who 's at door there, ho ! who knocks ?

[*Exit* Davy.

Fal. Why, now you have done me right.

[*To* Silence, *seeing him take off a bumper.*

Sil. *Do me right,* [Singing.
And dub me knight:
Samingo.

Is 't not so?

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is 't so? Why then, say an old man can do somewhat.

Re-enter Davy

Davy. An 't please your worship, there 's one Pistol come from the court with news.

Fal. From the court! let him come in.

Enter Pistol

How now, Pistol!

Pist. Sir John, God save you!

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows no man to good. Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in this realm.

Sil. By 'r lady, I think a' be, but goodman Puff of Barson.

Pist. Puff!

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!
Sir John, I am thy Pistol and thy friend,
And helter-skelter have I rode to thee,

And tidings do I bring and lucky joys
And golden times and happy news of price.

Fal. I pray thee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

Pist. A foutra for the world and worldlings base!
I speak of Africa and golden joys.

Fal. O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?
Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof.

Sil. *And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.* [Singing.

Pist. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?
And shall good news be baffled?
Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

Sil. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why then, lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, sir: if, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it there 's but two ways, either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the king, in some authority.

Pist. Under which king, Bezonian? speak, or die.

Shal. Under King Harry.
Pist. Harry the Fourth? or Fifth?
Shal. Harry the Fourth.
Pist. A foutra for thine office!
Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king;
Harry the Fifth's the man. I speak the truth:
When Pistol lies, do this; and fig me, like
The bragging Spaniard.
Fal. What, is the old king dead?
Pist. As nail in door: the things I speak are just.
Fal. Away, Bardolph! saddle my horse. Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine. Pistol, I will double-charge thee with dignities.
Bard. O joyful day!
I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.
Pist. What! I do bring good news.
Fal. Carry Master Silence to bed. Master Shallow, my Lord Shallow,—be what thou wilt; I am fortune's steward—get on thy boots: we'll ride all night. O sweet Pistol! Away, Bardolph! [*Exit* Bard.] Come, Pistol, utter more to me; and withal devise something to do thyself good. Boot, boot, Master Shallow: I know the young king is sick for me. Let us take any

man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends; and woe to my lord chief justice!

Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!
Where is the life that late I led? say they:
Why, here it is; welcome these pleasant days!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV

London. *A Street*

Enter Beadles, *dragging in* Hostess Quickly *and* Doll Tearsheet

Host. No, thou arrant knave; I would to God that I might die, that I might have thee hanged: thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

1 *Bead.* The constables have delivered her over to me; and she shall have whipping-cheer enough, I warrant her: there hath been a man or two lately killed about her.

Dol. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie. Come on, thou paper-faced villain.

Host. O the Lord, that Sir John were come! he would make this a bloody day to somebody.

1 *Bead.* Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead that you and Pistol beat amongst you.

Dol. I 'll tell you what, you thin man in a censer, I will have you as soundly swinged for this,—you blue-bottle rogue, you filthy famished correctioner, if you be not swinged, I 'll forswear half-kirtles.

1 *Bead.* Come, come, you she knight-errant, come.

Host. O God, that right should thus overcome might! Well, of sufferance comes ease.

Dol. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a justice.

Host. Ay, come, you starved blood-hound.

Dol. Goodman death, goodman bones!

Host. Thou atomy, thou!

Dol. Come, you thin thing; come, you rascal.

1 *Bead.* Very well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V

A public place near Westminster Abbey

Enter two Grooms, *strewing rushes*

1 *Groom.* More rushes, more rushes.

2 *Groom.* The trumpets have sounded twice.

1 *Groom.* 'Twill be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation: dispatch, dispatch.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Pistol, Bardolph, *and* Page

Fal. Stand here by me, Master Robert Shallow; I will make the king do you grace: I will leer upon him as a' comes by; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

Pist. God bless thy lungs, good knight.

Fal. Come here, Pistol; stand behind me. O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But 'tis no matter; this poor show doth better: this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. It shows my earnestness of affection.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. My devotion.

Shal. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me.

Shal. It is most certain.

Fal. But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him; thinking of nothing else; putting all affairs else in oblivion; as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him.

Pist. 'Tis *semper idem*, for *absque hoc nihil est*: 'tis all in every part.

Shal. 'Tis so, indeed.

Pist. My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver,
And make thee rage.
Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts,
Is in base durance and contagious prison;
Hal'd thither
By most mechanical and dirty hand:
Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell Alecto's snake,

For Doll is in. Pistol speaks nought but truth.

Fal. I will deliver her.

[*Shouts within, and trumpets sound.*

Pist. There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor sounds.

Enter King Henry the Fifth *and his train, the* Lord Chief Justice *among them*

Fal. God save thy grace, King Hal! my royal Hal!

Pist. The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp of fame!

Fal. God save thee, my sweet boy!

K. Hen. V. My lord chief justice, speak to that vain man.

Ch. Just. Have you your wits? know you what 'tis you speak?

Fal. My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!

K. Hen. V. I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers;
How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!
I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,
So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;
But, being awak'd, I do despise my dream.

Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace;
Leave gormandizing; know the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men.
Reply not to me with a fool-born jest:
Presume not that I am the thing I was;
For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,
That I have turn'd away my former self;
So will I those that kept me company.
When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots:
Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,
As I have done the rest of my misleaders,
Not to come near our person by ten mile.
For competence of life I will allow you,
That lack of means enforce you not to evil:
And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,
We will, according to your strengths and qualities,
Give you advancement. Be it your charge, my lord,
To see perform'd the tenour of our word.
Set on. [*Exeunt* King, *etc.*

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shal. Yea, marry, Sir John; which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, Master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this; I shall be sent for in private to him. Look you, he must seem thus to the world. Fear not your advancements; I will be the man yet that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot well perceive how, unless you should give me your doublet and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good Sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word: this that you heard was but a colour.

Shal. A colour that I fear you will die in, Sir John.

Fal. Fear no colours: go with me to dinner: come, Lieutenant Pistol; come, Bardolph: I shall be sent for soon at night.

Re-enter Prince John, *the* Lord Chief Justice; Officers *with them*

Ch. Just. Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet:
Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord, my lord, I

Ch. Just. I cannot now speak: I will hear you soon.

Take them away.

Pist. *Si fortuna me tormenta, spero contenta.*

[*Exeunt all but* Prince John *and the* Chief Justice.

Lan. I like this fair proceeding of the king's:
He hath intent his wonted followers
Shall all be very well provided for;
But all are banish'd till their conversations
Appear more wise and modest to the world.

Ch. Just. And so they are.

Lan. The king hath call'd his parliament, my lord.

Ch. Just. He hath.

Lan. I will lay odds that, ere this year expire,
We bear our civil swords and native fire
As far as France. I heard a bird so sing,
Whose music, to my thinking, pleas'd the king.
Come, will you hence? [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE

Spoken by a Dancer

First my fear; then my courtesy; last my speech. My fear is, your displeasure; my courtesy, my duty; and my speech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me: for what I have to say is of mine own making; and what indeed I should say will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture. Be it known to you, as it is very well, I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it and to promise you a better. I meant indeed to pay you with this; which, if like an ill venture it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here I promised you I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate me some and I will pay you some; and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment, to dance out of your debt. But a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so would I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me: if the gentlemen will not, then

the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France: where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already a' be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary; when my legs are too, I will bid you good night: and so kneel down before you; but, indeed, to pray for the queen.

NOTES

Induction

Stage direction. **Rumour, painted full of tongues.** Cf. T. Warton's quotation from Holinshed's description of a pageant: "Then entered a person called *Report*, apparalled in crimson sattin, full of toongs, or chronicles."

3. **drooping.** The west of the setting sun. Cf. 'drooping chair,' i.e. seat for declining age. (1 *Hen. VI*, 4. 4. 5.)

17. **so plain a stop.** A pipe so easily fingered.

33. **peasant towns.** Countryside.

37. **crafty-sick.** Feigning sickness.

tiring. The weary couriers arrive. Cf. 1. 3. 114.

ACT I

Scene I

8. **stratagem.** Violent deed. Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, 3. 5. 211.

22. **to dignify the times.** To add lustre to the age.

37. **forspent.** Exhausted. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI*, 2. 3. 1.

45. **poor jade.** "Used not in contempt but in compassion" (Steevens).

53. **silken point.** Tags for fastening the dress.

57. **hilding.** Worthless. Cf. *Hen. V*, 4. 2. 29.

63. **a witness'd usurpation.** "An attestation of its ravage" (Steevens).

92. **Your spirit.** Powers of prophecy, referring to 'divination' in l. 88.

95. **fear.** A thing to be feared.

102. **sullen.** Mournful. Cf. "The surly, sullen bell," *Sonnets*, 71. 2.

103. **knolling.** Q. 'tolling.' Parallel passages favour the Folio reading. Shakespeare uses 'toll' only in *Hen. V*, 4, Chor. 15.

108. **faint quittance.** Feeble return of blows. Cf. *Faerie Queene*, 1. 2. 17, "quyteth cuff with cuff."

112. **In few.** In brief.

116. **from his metal... steel'd.** "His side derived all their hardihood from his example." This is Deighton's admirable paraphrase of a line that exemplifies Shakespeare's dexterity in playing round the literal and the metaphorical significance of words.

117. **abated.** Blunted. Cf. *Rich. III.* 5 5. 35. "abate the edge of traitors."

118. **Turn'd on themselves.** Had the keen edge of their valour turned.

119. **that's heavy in itself.** This passage is worthy of study as an example of Shakespeare's adroitness in pursuing a series of metaphors. In his use of figures of speech Shakespeare, reversing his injunctions to jesters, will

> "like the haggard, check at every feather
> That comes before his eye. This is a practice
> As full of labour as a wise man's art."
>
> (*Twelfth Night*, 3. 1. 72.)

128. **Had three times... appearance.** Cf. 1 *Henry IV*, 5, Sc. 3 and 4.

144. **grief... grief.** Pain... grievance.

149. **flesh'd with conquest.** Their appetite whetted by victory.

151. **ragged'st hour.** Many instances in Shakespeare of *ragged=rough*. Cf. "Winter's ragged hand," *Sonnets*, 6. 1, and "ragged rontes (oxen)," Spenser, *Shep. Cal.*, Feb. 5.

160. **And darkness...dead.** Vaughan interprets this as a continuation of the theatrical metaphor. Cf. the concluding lines of the *Dunciad*:

> "Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall
> And universal darkness buries all."

166. **cast the event.** Calculated the issue.

168. **make head.** Raise a force.

169. **dole.** The only instance in S. in the sense of *distribution*. Cf. *Faerie Queene*, 5. 4. 39, "So cruell doale amongst her maides diuide."

174. **where most trade of danger rang'd.** Where danger chiefly stalked. *Trade=tread* or *track*.

184. **Chok'd the respect.** Stifled all consideration.

186. **All put forth.** Expend or risk everything.

192. **corpse.** Plural. Used only here by Shakespeare of the living body, but the usage was very common. Cf. "A comely corpse...doth hold a beauteous soule." (Spenser, *Hymn of Beautie*, 135.)

196, 7. **constrained, As men drink potions.** Under compulsion, as draining a bitter cup.

202. **Suppos'd.** Considered—without any suggestion of the supposition being false. Cf. "I suppose him virtuous" (*Twelfth Night*, 1. 5. 277).

204. **with the blood.** By denouncing the murder.

207. **bestride.** Stand over in defence of.

209. **more and less.** High and low.

Scene II

15. **manned with an agate.** Had a servant like a figure cut in a seal.

19. **juvenal.** This humorous term is used in *L. L. L.* and in *M. N. D.*

23. **face-royal.** His royal cheek is as smooth as the face on the royal (a coin of the value of ten shillings).

24. **he may keep it still.** He may keep it always at its face value (of ten shillings) as he will never have to pay sixpence for a shave.

34, 35. **assurance...band.** Surety...bond.

37. **the glutton.** The rich man of *Luke* xvi. 24.

40. **to bear...in hand.** To deceive by false hopes.

43, 44. **through with them...taking up.** If a man is hearty in running up good debt with them.

56. **in Paul's.** The church was used as a public resort and place of business. The practice continued as late as the Great Fire and is often referred to by Pepys.

98. **that which grows to me.** The knighthood and the soldiership that are a part of me.

100. **hunt-counter.** Blundering dog.

138. **by the heels.** In the stocks.

152. **land-service.** A humorous coinage for military as contrasted with naval service. Cf. the only other instance of the term in *The Winter's Tale*, 3. 3. 96.

165. **the fellow...my dog.** "If the fellow's great belly prevented him from seeing his way, he would want a dog as well as a blind man" (Farmer).

179. **wassail candle.** "A large candle lighted up at a

feast. There is a poor quibble upon the word *wax*, which signifies increase as well as the matter of the honey-comb" (Johnson).

187—190. **ill angel**, etc. Falstaff makes the most of his opportunity of punning on *angel* (a gold coin) and *light*. The quibble is continued in *I cannot go, I cannot tell* (I cannot pass current, I cannot enter into accounts).

192. **pregnancy.** Minds quick to conceive.

208. **your wit single.** Your mind weak.

240. **spit white.** Perhaps equivalent to *drink sack again*. Steevens cites Lyly's *Mother Bombie*, 3. 2:

Risio. We did but a little parboil our livers, they have sod theirs in sack these forty years.

Halfpenny. That makes them spit white broth as they do.

256. **to bear crosses.** Punning on *cross*=a coin.

258. **fillip...beetle.** A *three-man beetle* is the heavy rammer used by paviours. *Fillip* elsewhere in Shakespeare=to strike or to flick. Here, according to Steevens it refers to a practice among boys of putting a toad on one end of a stick placed see-saw fashion and striking the other. With Falstaff in the toad's place, a three-man beetle would be very useful.

Scene III

10. **grow upon the file.** Our present total on the roll approaches, etc.

12. **supplies live largely.** We have great expectations of reinforcements.

29. **project of a power.** The dream of a force that proved much smaller.

31. **great imagination.** Fantastic hopes.

35. **likelihoods and forms of hope.** To form a clear notion of the extent and the grounds of one's expectations.

36. **if.** Johnson reads *in.*

Yes, if this present, etc. Yes (it does do harm to dwell on expectations when the business is already begun, and) when the present stage of hostilities—hostilities now on foot and depending on instant action—is, in respect of hopeful result, like buds in an early spring of which we may predict death by frost rather than fruitfulness.

41. **When we mean to build.** Bardolph goes on to urge the necessity of facing facts instead of laying down 'forms of hope.'

52. **Consent...foundation.** Agree upon a sure basis of operations.

53—55. **know...opposite.** Know, with respect to our own means, how far they are able to undertake such an enterprise and overcome what resists it.

55. **his.** Its (referring to the 'work').

60. **cost.** Result of his expense. Cf. "The rich-proud cost of outworn buried age" (*Sonn.* 64. 2).

61. **naked subject.** Roofless victim.

70. **as the times do brawl.** In these days of strife.

84. **substituted.** Deputed.

94. **trimm'd...desires.** Furnished with all you desired.

ACT II

Scene I

4. **yeoman.** Sheriff's officer.

31. **Lubber's-head.** At the sign of the Leopard's-head.

33. **exion.** Action.

35. **a poor lone woman.** "In 1 *Henry IV* Mrs Quickly had a husband alive. She is now a widow" (Steevens).

51, 52. **quean in the channel.** Throw the hussy in the gutter.

56. **honey-suckle.** Homicidal.

57. **honey-seed.** Homicide.

58. **man-queller.** Queller = killer.

63. **wo't.** Wilt.

64. **hemp-seed.** Gallows-bird.

65, 66. **rampallian ... fustilarian.** Malone explains the former as a ramping jade, the other "a made word from *fusty*."

88. **good temper.** Character.

95. **a parcel-gilt goblet.** The most fitting 'book' for Falstaff to kiss.

96. **Dolphin-chamber.** Rooms were distinguished by fanciful names. Cf. 'Half-moon' and 'Pomgarnet (1 *Hen. IV*, 2. 4. 30, 42).

125. **level consideration.** Balanced judgment.

144. **in the effect of your reputation.** Make reparation in fulfilment of your good name.

158. **drollery.** Humorous picture.

160. **water-work.** Water colours.

bed-hangings. Sarcastically applied to tapestry.

Scene II

10. **loosely studied.** Wantonly inclined.

13. **princely got.** Of royal origin.

26, 27. **low countries,** etc. The pun is continued in *shift* and *holland.*

28. **bawl out.** Bawl out of, i.e. Poins's children.

66. **lewd.** Worthless.

72. **proper fellow of my hands.** A strong fellow with my hands.

86. **red lattice.** Tavern window. Cf. *Merry Wives,* 2. 2. 28.

92. **Althæa's dream.** Johnson points out that this first instance of the page's 'profit' is a mistake for *Hecuba's* dream. Prince Hal *crowns* the error.

107. **with good respect.** Alluding to Bardolph's brusque "there's a letter for you."

108. **martlemas.** Clarke probably explains the epithet rightly as summing up two allusions to Falstaff in 1 *Hen. IV*: "All-hallown summer" (1. 2. 177) and "my sweet beef" (3. 3. 199). Falstaff's youth was a perpetual St Martin's summer, and St Martin's Day was the housewife's date for salting rounds of beef (cf. Marlowe's *Faustus,* 6. 148, ed. Ward).

112. **it dies not.** He is never out of spirit.

113. **this wen.** Prince Hal had already called his friend a "huge hill of flesh" (1 *Hen. IV,* 2. 4. 273).

123. **borrower's cap.** Warburton's emendation for *borrow'd*.

156. **in the old frank.** Referring to the Boar's Head tavern. *Frank* is an enclosure for hogs. Cf. the verbal use in *Rich. III*, 1. 3. 314.

Scene III

24. **speaking thick.** Speaking fast in contrast with the *tardily* of l. 26.

25. **Became the accents.** Graced the speech of the valiant.

29. **affections of delight.** The pleasures he affected.

30. **humours of blood.** Natural idiosyncrasies.

60. **grow and sprout.** An allusion to rosemary, the emblem of remembrance. (Warburton.)

Scene IV

2. **apple-johns.** An apple that "will keep two years, but becomes very wrinkled and shrivelled" (Steevens) The name also denotes a low bully, cf. apple-squire.

9. **angered him to the heart.** Falstaff himself made use of the same comparison in 1 *Hen. IV*, 3. 3. 5.

11. **cover.** Cover the table.

13. **noise.** A street band. This, the only instance in Shakespeare, is a common Elizabethan usage.

20. **old utis.** *old* is a humorous intensive like the colloquial use of 'fine old.' *utis* (or *utas*) is the octave of a festival. The phrase is thus equivalent to 'a high old time.'

35. **When Arthur first in court.** The first line of the ballad *Sir Lancelot du Lake*, attributed to Thomas Deloney. It is included in Percy's *Reliques*.

39. **sect.** Johnson proposed *sex*. The two words were apparently often treated as synonyms. The ordinary meaning of sect, as Douce argues, best explains the words that follow. *An they be once in a calm* = "when their trade is at a stand," Falstaff's punning rejoinder to Dame Quickly's *calm* = qualm.

50. **owches.** Jewels.

> "With crownes and owches garnished,
> The which her lavish lovers to her gave."
>
> (*Faerie Queene*, I 2. 13.)

55 **rheumatic** "She would say splenetic," Hanmer guesses.

57. **the good-year.** An expletive (and sometimes an imprecation) of doubtful origin.

67. **Ancient.** Ensign.

97, 98. **a tame cheater.** In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Fair Maid of the Inn* (quoted by Steevens) the term is paraphrased a *decoy-duck*. This seems to be the *Fyngerer*, or card-sharper's accomplice, described by Awdeley in his account of "a Cheatour or Fingerer" in his *Fraternitye of Vacabondes* (1575).

102, 103. **I will bar no...cheater.** The Hostess's surprising tolerance is due to her taking *cheater* for *escheater*, the treasury official who had charge of the estates of intestates. As the one word is derived from the other, her charity has no philological warrant.

104, 105. **I am the worse, when one says swagger.** Perhaps the Hostess was thinking of thieves. A *Swadder*

was a thieving pedlar "well worthy to be registred among the number of vacabonds." (Harman's *Caveat*, 1567.)

128. **filthy bung.** The term is suggested by *Cutpurse.* "To nyp a boung" was thieves' cant for "to cut a purse." Steevens cites *Martin Mark-all's Apologie*, 1610. The phrase is given in Harman's *Caveat*, 1567.

130. **cuttle.** The cut-purse's knife: hence, perhaps, by metonymy, as in the case of *bung*, for a rogue.

131. **basket-hilt stale juggler.** You worn-out bully. A *fencer* was synonymous with a blackguard, cf. *Hamlet*, 2. 1. 25. "Fencers and cony catchers" are coupled together in *The Gull's Hornbook*, Chap. I.

133. **two points.** Ribbons or epaulets.

150. **occupy.** Many references in Elizabethan plays show that this word had become a slang term.

152. **ill sorted.** Fitted with an evil meaning. "Words are very rascals since bonds disgraced them" (i.e. enslaved them to false meanings) (*Twelfth Night*, 3. 1. 24).

159. **to Pluto's...lake.** Malone supposed this fustian to be a reminiscence of a passage in Peele's *Battle of Alcazar* from which l. 184 is derived. But the resemblance here is unconvincing.

163. **Hiren.** Probably a quotation from Peele's lost play *The Turkish Mahomet and Hiren the Fair Greek.*

faitors. Q. *Faters*, F. *fates.* The word does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare, unless we should read it for *tailor* in *M. N. D.* 2. 1. 54. *Faitor* (=vagabond) is common in Spenser, and Harman speaks of "Faytores, Robardesmen, Drawlatches and valyant beggares."

168. **hollow pampered jades.**

"Holla, ye pamper'd jades of India!
What! can ye draw but twenty miles a day?"
(*Tamburlaine*, Pt. 2, 4. 4.)

170. **Cannibals.** Pistol's rendering of *Hannibals.*

179. **Hiren.** Addressing his sword and punning on Hiren (=(1) as in l. 163 and (2) a cant name for a wanton) and 'iron.'

184. **Then feed, and be fat.**

"Feed then, and faint not, my fair Calypolis...
Feed and be fat, that we may meet the foe."
(Peele's *Battle of Alcazar.*)

186. **Si fortuna, etc.** If fortune torments me, hope contents me.

189. **full points.** Punning on *points*=sword thrusts and full stops.

192. **seven stars.** Cf. 1 *Hen. IV*, 1. 2. 16.

197. **shove-groat shilling.** An Edward VI shilling used in the game of shove-board in which the coin had to be pushed to the top of a table where there were numbered divisions.

205. **goodly stuff toward.** Here's a pretty shindy impending.

236. **tidy.** Fat, in good condition. Steevens cites Peele's *Arraignment of Paris*, 1. 1. 31.

"Say'st truly, Fannus; I myself have given good tidy lambs
To Mercury."

boar-pig. Roast pig was one of the special attractions of Bartholomew Fair.

253. **wild-mare.** See-saw.

256. **breeds no bate, etc.** Never angers anybody by the excessive refinement of his stories.

263. **nave of a wheel.** Round (k)nave.

271. **fiery Trigon.** Bardolph. "The conjunction of three planets" in his face.

272. **lisping...tables, etc.** Making love to the hostess.

308. **take not the heat.** Strike the iron while it is hot.

309. **candle-mine.** "Inexhaustible magazine of tallow." Johnson's paraphrase rises to the occasion.

339. **to close with us.** In order to propitiate us.

344. **dead elm.** A broken reed (with regard to "this virtuous gentlewoman"). The metaphor is from vines trained on elms, cf. *Com. of Err.* 2. 2. 178.

347. **malt-worms.** Topers.

365. **His grace.** The inevitable pun on *grace*.

378. **like the South.** Shakespeare's opinion of the South and the South winds may be seen from the following epithets: "the rotten diseases of the south" (*Troil.* 5. 1. 21), "the contagion of the South" (*Cor.* 1. 4. 30), "the dew-dropping South" (*Romeo*, 1. 4. 103), "the spongy South" (*Cymb.* 4. 2. 349), "foggy South puffing with wind and rain (*A. Y. L. I.* 3. 5. 50).

382. **sweetest morsel.** Cf. "Then comes in the sweet o' the year" (*Winter's Tale*, 4. 3. 3), "Now comes in the sweet o' the night" (2 *Hen. IV*, 5. 3. 53).

389. **Pay the musicians, sirrah.** An astonishing first thought to come from Falstaff. But he delegates the duty.

401. **twenty-nine years, come peascod-time.** The hostess's fatuous accuracy in irrelevant detail is typical of Shakespeare's insight.

402. **honester and truer-hearted man.** This from the Hostess certainly serves, as Clarke suggests, "better than pages of commentary upon his powers of fascination to show how strong is the spell he exercises upon the judgment and affections of those with whom he associates."

ACT III

Scene I

17. **watch-case.** A sentry-box.

35. **all.** Referring to two persons. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI*, 2. 2. 26.

87. **necessary form of this.** The definite character of this history "figuring...the times deceas'd."

103. **certain instance.** Definite proof. Cf. *Troilus*, 5. 2. 150.

Scene II

34. **Skogan's head.** Referring probably to John Scogan, jester to Edward IV, whose name was given to the collection called *Scogin's Jests*, "an idle thing unjustly fathered upon Dr Boorde." (Ant. à Wood, *Ath. Oxon.*, 1. 172.)

43. **How.** What price?

52. **clout.** Canvas target. Often apparently with the narrower sense of *bull's eye*.

53. **twelve score.** Two hundred and forty yards.

a forehand shaft. "Fit for him which shooteth right afore him" (Ascham).

54. **fourteen and a half.** Two hundred and ninety yards.

72. **backsword man.** Fencer at single-stick.

74. **accommodated.** "A modish term of that time" (Warburton). "You are not to cast a ring for the perfumed terms of the time, as *accommodation, complement*, spirit, etc., but use them properly in their place, as others" (Jonson: *Timber, s.v. Perspicuitas*). Cf. *Every Man in His Humour*, 1. 3.

126. **pricked.** Goaded. (Deighton.)

132. **spent.** Eaten. Cf. *Romeo*, 2. 4. 142.

148. **a number of shadows.** "Many names for which we receive pay, though we have not the men" (Johnson).

168. **pricked.** Attired.

182. **thousands.** Vermin.

262. **I have three pound.** Bardolph retains a pound.

284. **gibbets on.** "As the buckets at each end of the gibbet (i.e. yoke) must be put on at the same instant, it necessarily requires a quick motion" (Mason).

285. **half-faced.** Thin faced like a profile on a coin. The term is used metaphorically, 1 *Hen. IV*, 1. 3. 208.

292. **caliver.** A light gun fired without the use of a rest.

293. **traverse.** March up and down.

296. **chopp'd.** Hacked with age or toil. Cf. *Julius Caesar*, 1. 2. 246.

302. **Dagonet in Arthur's show.** Took the part of Dagonet, the King's squire, in an exhibition given at Mile-end Green by the society of archers called Prince Arthur's Knights.

331. **Turnbull Street.** Turnmill Street in West Smithfield, a notorious quarter referred to by Beaumont and Fletcher, Middleton and others.

339. **thick.** Dim, cf. *Julius Caesar*, 5. 3. 21.

invincible. "Could not be mastered by any thick sight" (Malone). Rowe read *invisible.*

343. **fancies or...good-nights.** Love songs or lullabies.

344. **Vice's dagger.** The dagger of lath brandished by the Vice (ancestor of the fool) in the Morality plays.

356. **two stones.** "Twice the value of the philosopher's stone" (Malone).

ACT IV

Scene I

24. **sway on.** "To express the uniform and forcible motion of a compact body" (Johnson).

42. **civil.** In the state.

50. **graves.** Steevens read *greaves* (a word which is not used elsewhere by Shakespeare) and showed that it was sometimes spelled *graves.* "But *graves* may as well be sepulchres here" (Schmidt).

52. **a point of war.** A signal of battle.

71. **our most quiet there.** *Most* in the sense of *utmost* is frequent in Shakespeare. The passage seems to mean that instead of moving peacefully with the stream of time, we are now swept along by the torrent of circumstance. Many editors accept Warburton's emendation *sphere.*

73, 74. **summary...griefs...articles.** Full particulars of our grievances.

83. **instance.** Occurrence.

94—96. **My brother...particular.** The special subject of my quarrel is the general grievances of the state and the private wrongs of my brother. Ll. 94 and 95 are omitted in the Folio, and the whole passage is suspect.

104. **Construe...necessities.** In judging recent events make allowance for the unavoidable.

114. **breath'd.** Animated. Cf. *Wint. Tale*, 5. 3. 64.

119. **daring of.** Challenging, inviting.

120. **in charge.** In rest.

125. **warder.** Staff, baton. Cf. *Rich. II*, 1. 3. 117.

135. **borne...Coventry.** Could not have succeeded outside Coventry where the lists were held.

145. **every thing set off.** The phrase is sometimes regarded as ambiguous, *set off* being held equivalent to (*a*) *disregarded*, (*b*) *accounted for*. There seems to be no authority in Shakespeare for the latter meaning. The other is supported by 1 *Hen. IV*, 5. 1. 88.

157. **reason will.** Pope's emendation *wills* is unnecessary. Shakespeare uses *will* = *will have it*, cf. 1 *Hen. VI*, 2. 3. 38.

162. **full commission.** Unlimited authority.

170. **redress'd.** Being redressed. The five lines following are all conditional.

175. **confined.** Our wishes which refer only to ourselves and our proposals. *Purpose* in S. often = *proposition*, cf. 1 *Hen. IV*, 4. 3. 111. This interpretation involves an anacoluthon by requiring some such words as 'being granted' after *execution*. Capell proposed *confirmed*, Johnson *consigned*. The use of *banks* in the next line strongly supports the reading *confined*, as this is quite in

accordance with the usual method of evolution of a Shakespearian series of metaphor.

176. **awful banks.** Within the pale of respectful subjects.

187. **consist.** Insist. Cf. *Pericles*, 1. 4. 83.

193. **royal faiths.** The loyalty of each of us to the King.

198. **picking.** Artificial, "sought industriously" (Schmidt). Cf. to pick a quarrel.

Scene II

33. **in common sense.** "General sense of general danger" (Johnson).

78. **Health.** Prosperity.

Scene III

18. **school.** Shoal, crowd.

24. **heat.** Urgency. (Schmidt.)

37. **posts.** Post-horses.

54. **cinders...element.** Stars. S. laughs at the affected use of the word in *T. N.* 3. 1. 66, "I might say 'element,' but the word is over-worn."

85. **Stand my good lord.** Be my good friend.

86. **in my condition.** In my official capacity.

91. **cannot make him laugh.** So Caesar condemns Cassius because "seldom he smiles" (*Jul. Caesar*, 1. 2. 204).

93. **come to any proof.** Come to any good.

98. **inflammation.** Being heated with wine.

102. **forgetive.** Full of forgery or invention.

136. **already tempering.** "A very pleasant allusion to the old custom of sealing with soft wax" (Warburton).

Scene IV

30. **observ'd.** Respected. Cf. "The observ'd of all observers," *Hamlet*, 3. 1. 162.

32. **Open as day.** Cf. the corresponding expression, "the close night" (*M. of V.* 2. 6. 47).

35. **flaws.** "Gusts carrying ice with them" (Schmidt). Other explanations are, "Small blades of ice" (Edwards, Dyce, Craig), "flake of snow" (*N.E.D.*).

45. **venom of suggestion.** Poisonous incitements of mutual suspicion.

46. **the age.** Circumstances must abundantly yield.

67. **look beyond him.** Aim wide of his true character.

90. **his particular.** Its detail.

119. **Hath wrought the mure.** Steevens refers to a passage from the fourth book of Daniel's *Civil Wars* which probably suggested the metaphor to Shakespeare:

> "As that the walls worn thin permit the mind
> To look out thorow, and his frailty find."

123. **change their manners.** Cf. *M. N. D.*, 2. 1. 107.

Scene V

2. **dull and favourable.** Soothing and kind.

27. **biggin.** Night-cap.

72. **strange-achieved.** "Acquired not for one's own self, but for the benefit of others" (Schmidt).

76. **virtuous sweets.** Sweet essences.

123. **apes of idleness.** Frivolous fools.

129. **gild...guilt.** Warburton remarks that Pope

"judiciously threw out this line," and is in turn reproved by Johnson for stating "with so much confidence what he cannot know." The same pun occurs in *Macbeth*, 2. 2. 57, and *Hen. V*, 2, Chor. 26.

136. **care.** Concern.

145. **affect.** Love it save as the symbol of your greatness.

162. **carat.** Confused with 'charact.' F. reads *charract.*

163. **medicine potable.** Cf. "gold in phisik is a cordial" (Chaucer: Prologue, 443).

200. **the mode.** "Form or state of things" (Johnson). Q. *mood*, F1 *moode*. *N.E.D.* explains it here as meaning "key in which music is written."

205. **my friends.** Tyrwhitt's emendation for "thy friends." Dyce reads "My foes."

210. **them.** Mason proposed *some* which is read by Dyce and others.

230. **upon thy sight.** Having seen you.

ACT V

Scene I

1. **cock and pie.** *Cock* is a perversion of *God*; *pie*, "a table or rule in the old Roman offices, showing, in a technical way, how to find out the service which is to be read on each day" (Steevens). Cf. Preface to the Prayer Book, "the rules called the *Pie*."

14. **precepts.** Writs.

Scene II

14. **heavy issue.** Sorrowing sons.

34. **stream of quality.** The course of your nature.

38. **ragged and forestall'd remission.** A disgraceful pardon on terms already prejudged.

48. **Amurath.** On the death of the Sultan Amurath in 1596, Mahomet, his successor, caused all his brothers to be strangled. Farmer suggested this as the source of the allusion in the text.

71. **easy.** Slight.

90. **workings in a second body.** Your decrees administered by your representatives.

99. **in your state.** "In your regal character and office (Johnson).

123, 124. **wild into his grave,** etc. "My wild dispositions having ceased on my father's death, and being now as it were buried in his tomb, he and wildness are interred in the same grave. A passage in *King Henry V*, 1. 1. 24, very strongly confirms this interpretation :

> 'The courses of his youth promis'd it not :
> The breath no sooner left his father's body,
> But that his *wildness*, mortified in him,
> Seem'd to *die* too.'" (Malone.)

132. **state of floods.** "With the majestic dignity of the ocean, the chief of floods" (Malone).

Scene III

3. **caraways.** A sweetmeat containing the seeds.

29. **Proface.** "*Buon pro vi faccia*, much good may it doe you" (quoted by Dyce from Florio).

43. **leather-coats.** Russets.

69. **pottle-pot.** A tankard holding two quarts,

77. **done me right.** Drunk to me.

78. **Do me right, etc.** Steevens quotes Nash's *Summer's Last Will and Testament*:

> God Bacchus, do me right.
> And dub me knight,
> Domingo

104. **foutra.** Expression of contempt.

119. **Bezonian.** Beggar. (Ital. *bisogno* need.) Cf. 2 *Hen. VI*, 4. 1. 134.

124. **fig me.** To insult by giving the fig of Spain—i.e. a Spanish mark of contempt consisting of putting the thumb between the fingers or into the mouth. Cf. *Hen. V*, 3. 6. 62.

148. **Where is the life.** Cf. *Taming of the Shrew*, 4. 1. 143.

Scene IV

9. **nut-hook.** Catch-pole.

16. **thin man in a censer.** The embossed figure on the lid of a censer used for fumigating rooms.

18. **blue-bottle.** Beadle in blue uniform.

29. **atomy.** Skeleton. Cf. *anatomy* in *Com. of Errors*, 5. 1. 239.

Scene V

31. **'tis all in every part.** Pistol's translation of his Latin.

38. **mechanical.** Vulgar.

44. **imp.** Scion. Very common in Spenser. Shakespeare uses it only in comic parts.

73. **Strengths and qualities.** Your degree of merit.

91. **colour.** Pretence. A final fusillade of well-worn puns on *colour, collar, choler, die* and *dye.*

94. **Fear no colours.** Fear no enemy (ensigns).

102. **Si fortuna.** Cf. 2. 4. 186.

106. **conversations.** Conduct.

112. **civil swords...fire.** The fire and sword of civil war.

Epilogue

12. **break.** Become bankrupt.

15. **bate.** Deduct.

GLOSSARY

abide (2. 3. 36), withstand.
abuse (2. 4. 322), defamation.
accite (5. 2. 141), summon.
accites (2. 2. 65), excites.
address'd (4. 4. 5), ready.
advised (1. 1. 172), aware.
affect (4. 5. 145), value.
affections (4. 4. 65 ; 5. 2. 124), evil inclinations.
against (4. 2. 81), immediately before.
allow (4. 2. 54), admit.
ancient (2. 4. 111), ensign.
answer (2. 1. 144), make recompense.
answered (4. 5. 197), proved a match for.
apter (1. 1. 69), readier.
argument (5. 2. 23), theme.
attach (4. 2. 109), arrest.
attached (2. 2. 3), seized on.
attend (1. 1. 3), await.
awful (4. 1. 176), respectful.
baffled (5. 3. 110), treated with ignominy
battle (4. 1. 154), army.
bear (5. 3. 30), excuse us.
bear in hand (1. 2. 40), lead on.
bear out (5. 1. 53), back up.
became (2. 3. 25), adorned.
bestow (2. 2. 177), behave.

bestowed (5. 5. 12), spent.
bloody (4. 1. 34), hot blooded.
borne out (4. 5. 215), carried on.
breath'd (4. 1. 114), reanimated.
breeding (5. 3. 112), pedigree.
buckle (1. 1. 141), bend.
but (5. 3. 94), except.
care (4. 5. 136), concern.
cast (1. 1. 166), forecast.
certain (1. 1. 12), definite.
check'd (3. 1. 68), rebuked.
close (1. 2. 62), quiet.
close (2. 4. 339), to make friends.
cold (5. 2. 98), cool.
colour (1. 2. 273), disguise.
commodity (1. 2. 276), profit.
commotion (4. 1. 36), sedition.
companion (2. 4. 122), fellow.
conceit (2. 4. 248), intelligence.
conceited (5. 1. 39), ingeniously contrived.
conceive (2. 2. 122), apprehend.
concern (4. 1. 30), import.
conduct (1. 1. 134), leadership.
consent (1. 3. 52), agree.
consent (5. 1. 79), in one mind.
consigning (5. 2. 143), agreeing to.
conversations (5. 5. 106), conduct.
cost (1. 3. 60), result of outlay.
courtesy (2. 1. 137), obeisance.
cover (2. 4. 11), spread a cloth.
crack (3. 2. 35), pert boy.

crafty-sick (Ind. 37), feigning sickness.
dear (4. 5. 141), poignant.
debate (4. 4. 2), contest.
decay (4. 4. 66), ruin.
defensible (2. 3. 38), able to defend.
descension (2. 2. 183), downcome.
determin'd (4. 5. 82), ended.
discoverers (4. 1. 3), scouts.
distemper'd (3. 1. 41), unwell.
dole (1. 1. 169), dealing out.
draw (1. 3. 109), assemble.
draw (2. 1. 164), withdraw.
drawer (2. 4. 295), tapster.
easy (5. 2. 71), of small account.
endear'd (2. 3. 11), personally bound.
ending (4. 5. 80), dying.
enforcement (1. 1. 120), sent with force.
engaged to (1. 1. 180), involved in.
engraffed (2. 2. 67), inseparable from.
engrossed (4. 5. 71), amassed.
even (2. 3. 2), smooth.
faitors (2. 4. 163), villains.
fear (1. 1. 95), fearsome thing.
fear (4. 4. 121), alarm.
fearful (Ind. 12), alarmed.
fears (4. 5. 196), objects of fear.
fetch off (3. 2. 324), trick.
fit (1. 1. 142), paroxysm.
foining (2. 4. 237), thrusting.
follow'd (1. 1. 21), followed up.
fond (1. 3. 91), foolish.

forbear (4. 5. 110), spare my life.
forg'd (4. 1. 92), "false derived," cf. 4. 1. 190.
forgetive (4. 3. 102), creative.
form (4. 5. 119), ceremony.
frank (2. 2. 156), sty, enclosure.
freely (1. 1. 27), frankly.
fubbed (2. 1. 37), put off by trickery.
fustian (2. 4. 194), bombastic.
genius (3. 2. 338), embodied spirit.
giddy (4. 5. 214), turbulent.
grace (1. 1. 129), countenance.
grace (2. 1. 208), accomplishment.
grate (4. 1. 90), harass.
grief (Ind. 13), trouble, grievance
grief (1. 1. 144), pain...grievances.
guarded (4. 1. 34), trimmed.
hangs (4. 1. 213), suspends.
head (1. 1. 168), army.
health (1. 1. 164), welfare.
hearken (2. 4. 286), wait and see.
heavy (2. 2. 183), grievous.
hence (4. 5. 215), elsewhere.
hide (4. 1. 21), cover.
hilding (1. 1. 57), base.
his (4. 4. 90), its.
how (3. 2. 43), what price ?
humorous (4. 4. 34), capricious.
humours (2. 1. 163), whims.
hurly (3. 1. 25), tumult.
imbrue (2. 4. 202), shed blood.
immediate (4. 5. 42), next in succession.

imp (5. 5. 46), scion.
insinew'd (4. 1. 172), vitally concerned.
instance (3. 1. 105), proof.
instance (4. 1. 83), occurrence.
instances (1. 1. 56), details.
intelligencer (4. 2. 20), agent.
intended (4. 1. 166), implied.
invest (4. 5. 73), equip.
invested (4. 4. 6), authorised.
joint-stools (2. 4. 254), joiner made stools.
just (4. 1. 23), exact.
juvenal (1. 2. 19), youth.
ken (4. 1. 151), range of vision. (A 16th cent. technical term = *c.* 20 miles.)
kindly (4. 5. 84), of filial piety.
lavish (4. 4. 64), wanton.
lay (2. 1. 183), lodged.
lean (1. 1. 164), depend on.
lewd (2. 2. 66), base.
liking (2. 1. 98), likening.
lin'd (1. 3. 27), fortified.
lodge (4. 5. 208), harbour.
losing (1. 1. 101), profitless.
lovers (4. 3. 13), friends.
malt-worms (2. 4. 347), topers.
met (4. 5. 186), met with, got.
mete (4. 4. 77), estimate.
misdoubts (4. 1. 206), mistrust.
model (1. 3. 51), plan.
most (4. 1. 71), utmost, extreme.
mure (4. 4. 119), wall.

near (5. 1. 82), in the counsels of.
neif (2. 4. 191), fist.
nice (1. 1. 145), dainty.
nice (2. 3. 40), scrupulous.
nice (4. 1. 191), trivial.
night-gown (3. 1, stage dir.), dressing-gown.
noise (2. 4. 13), band.
observance (4. 3. 15), homage.
observ'd (4. 4. 30), deferred to.
observ'd (4. 4. 36), noted.
o'er-posting (1. 2. 171), getting quit of.
offend (2. 4. 116), injure.
offensive (4. 1. 210), provoking.
offer (4. 1. 219), show fight.
office (1. 1. 101), task.
offices (1. 3. 47), servants' quarters.
opener (4. 2. 20), interpreter.
opinion (4. 5. 189), public opinion.
opposite (1. 3. 55), what opposes it.
orchard (5. 3. 1), garden.
ostentation (2. 2. 54), outward display
ousel (3. 2. 9), blackbird.
out (2. 2. 28), out of.
overlive (4. 1. 15), survive.
over-rode (1. 1. 30), outrode.
overween (4. 1. 149), are presumptuous.
pain (4. 5. 224), effort.
pantler (2. 4. 243), pantry-man.
parcels (4. 2. 36), details.
part (4. 2. 70), depart.
pawn'd (4. 2. 112), pledged.

period (4. 5. 231), an end.
peruse (4. 2. 94), inspect.
picking (4. 1. 198), far-fetched.
pottle-pot (2. 2. 83), a two-quart tankard
power (1. 1. 133), force.
presented (5. 2. 79), represented.
profane (2. 4. 377), misuse.
profited (2. 2. 90), made progress.
project (1. 3. 29), notion.
proper (1. 3. 32), befitting.
proper (5. 2. 109), own.
propose (5. 2. 92), imagine.
purchas'd (4. 5. 200), acquired.
push (2. 2. 40), thrust.
put forth (1. 1. 186), invest, risk.
quality (4. 1. 11), rank.
question (1. 1. 49), inquiry.
question, in (1. 2. 65), suspect.
quittance (1. 1. 108), reprisal.
quiver (3. 2. 303), nimble.
ragged (Ind. 35), rugged.
ragged'st (1. 1. 151), roughest.
rash (4. 4. 48), quick working.
recordation (2. 3. 61), memorial.
remember'd (5. 2. 141), mentioned.
respect (1. 1. 184), consideration.
rigol (4. 5. 36), circlet.
roused (4. 1. 118), erect.
royal (4. 1. 193), to the throne.
sad (5. 1. 93), serious.
sadly (5. 2. 125), soberly.

saltness (1. 2. 110), seasoning.
seal'd up (4. 5. 104), confirmed.
semblable (5. 1. 73), like.
shallowly (4. 2. 118), inconsiderately.
sickly (1. 1. 147), of sickness.
since (3. 2. 210), the time when.
sneap (2. 1. 135), biting remark.
sortance (4. 1. 11), fit proportion.
sorted (2. 4. 152), associated with a meaning.
stand (2. 2. 40), await.
state (4. 5. 213), validity of title.
stiff-borne (1. 1. 177), stoutly fought.
still (2. 1. 172), always.
still (4. 2. 98), yet.
still-discordant (Ind. 19), ever disagreeing.
still-stand (2. 3. 64), stand still.
stomach (1. 1. 129), proud courage
strain (4. 5. 171), feeling.
strained (1. 1. 161), excessive.
strangely (5. 2. 63), distantly.
stratagem (1. 1. 8), violent act.
studied (2. 2. 10), inclined.
substituted (1. 3. 84), deputed.
success (4. 2. 47), inheritance.
successively (4. 5. 202), by inheritance.
suffer'd (2. 3. 57), allowed.
sufficient (3. 2. 105), fit.
supply (1. 3. 28), reinforcements.
supposed (4. 5. 196), pretended.
suspire (4. 5. 33), breathe.
swinge-bucklers (3. 2. 24), roisterers.

tables (4. 1. 201), memorandum-books.
ta'en up (4. 2. 26), raised a force.
tall (3. 2. 69), valiant.
temper (2. 1. 188), disposition.
tempering (4. 3. 136), kneading.
theme (1. 3. 22), business.
thick (2. 3. 24), rapidly.
thoughts (4. 5. 69), anxiety.
time (2. 3. 68), circumstances.
tiring (Ind. 37), fatigued.
tirrits (2. 4. 210), alarms.
toward (2. 4. 206), imminent.
toys (2. 4. 173), trifles.
trimm'd (1. 3. 94), furnished.
undergo (1. 3. 54), support.
unequal (4. 1. 102), unjust.
unseason'd (3. 1. 107), untimely.
vail (1. 1. 129), lower.
vaward (1. 2. 200), vanward.
virtuous (4. 5. 76), essential.
wanton (1. 1. 148), luxurious.
waste (1. 3. 62), object of devastation.
weigh with (2. 2. 186), counterbalance
winking (1. 3. 33), with eyes shut.
wit (2. 4. 245), understanding.
word, at a (3. 2. 319), *verb. sap.*
workings (4. 2. 22), cogitations.
wrong (1. 1. 90), insult.